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An Interesting Campaign

D. M. Fisher

► FIFTY MINUTES after the polls closed on June 10 we knew that the city of Port Arthur would give us a majority of close to 2,000. Would Mr. Howe's greater strength in the district (about 45 per cent of the vote) counter-balance this? By 8.15 p.m. the returning officer assured me that it would not. "Go ahead with your victory parade; it won't become a farce."

But word from Mr. Howe's rooms was that there would be no concession until more was heard from the outside polls. So the impatient, jubilant crew at the CCF committee rooms bridled themselves for the time, a kiltie band was pulled in out of the drizzle, and we awaited Mr. Howe. By 9.15 there was no word, my majority was still over 1800 votes, and twenty-two years of restraint was gone from the CCFers. When we began the hooting, bellicose journey through the town two concerns were bothering me. First, we were racketing more than any wedding group's triumph—a practice I had always sniffed at. Second, was I not presuming—to move without a concession? Might it not lead to unpleasantness when we met the giant?

Fortunately, the city reacted gaily to our parade and Mr. Howe was to be more agreeable in leaving political life than during it. The grizzled minister pushed into our destination, the TV studio, through a mob of my noisy, impolite followers. His handshake was firm, his compliments sincere, and his view that this was the swan-song, absolute. At that moment, Mr. Howe felt that television, a medium he detests, had beaten him. One sensed a gratefulness that it was all over. He had adjusted to defeat like quick-silver, something a few of his attendants could not do. Their malice began my reflections on the campaign. A cardinal reason for continuing such reflections is the imminence of another election.

How did we topple Mr. Howe? Was it a fluke? Should the Tories be given the credit? The popular view of post-election wisecracks gave the nod to TV, a few thought it had been superior tactics and organization, some stressed the sex of the Conservative candidate, some union leaders laid it to labor support, some fellow teachers of mine gave much credit to the students, my mother-in-law thought it was all due to my wife, and in that beneficent mood of most victors, I tended to think it was because there were over 12,000 lovely people in Port Arthur riding.

At the start, in early April, I thought our cause poor but well worth a good try. Then and now, I saw the basic factor to be the political independence of the voters in this constituency. Although Mr. Howe had carried it five times with majorities between five and six thousand, as many had voted against as for him. Both provincial and municipal elections had shown the voters plumping for the man, not

the party. Two years ago Port Arthur had had a CCF mayor, a Conservative M.L.A., and Mr. Howe. For the past decade the CCF had undoubtedly the largest group of backers of the three parties, but this was much below a third of the electorate. Our party had the best organization in the city, but the Tories had the support of the most popular personality in the whole riding, George Wardrobe, M.L.A., and the Liberals had Mr. Howe, an awesome, distant, and rarely-criticized figure.

Beyond the city, Mr. Wardrobe was a formidable aid to the Conservative candidate; and we heard much of Mr. Howe's "machine" in the small towns. Port Arthur and Fort William are a social unit though separate politically, each served by its own newspaper and radio. One TV station covers both, however, and reaches out in a forty mile arc. The Port Arthur newspaper is one of the Thomson chain, thus insipid and cagey. While the syndicated columnists take a Conservative line, the editorial policy had been strongly "C. D. Howe" for years. The paper pussy-footed through the campaign. It did not send a reporter out to any meetings and its editorials eschewed the election for such controversial matters as drunken driving and the need for sternness with our youth. But its hand was shown in the last issue before the election. There were four stories on Mr. Howe and his views, several pictures of him, and no real mention of either of his opponents.

Thus we could not count on anything more than indifference from the press; and very early we chose TV as our main medium, booking a number of 15-minute periods, increasing in frequency until the final night for TV, Friday, June 7. For that night I took the last half-hour the station was to be open; the other shows I tried to spot just before the \$64,000 Question. In presentation my aim was to do without scripts (there was no teleprompter), to use the

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Current Comment

Wage-Push Inflation?

What does it take to stop prices from rising?

For two years now, sustained efforts have been made not only in Canada and the United States, but in Britain and Western Europe, to halt the slow erosion of the currency. In this country the monetary authorities have steadily tightened the tourniquet on the flow of money, and the federal government has achieved a modest budget surplus. Probably most economists would regard these as the necessary and sufficient conditions for halting inflation. And yet prices keep going up, at least at the consumer level.

So far as the United Kingdom is concerned, the *Economist* is able to detect general agreement that this is a "wage-push" inflation, i.e., one which is propelled by upward pressures on business costs, arising mainly from wage demands in excess of labor's output. The "Wage-push" theory has lately been gaining many adherents in North America too, as orthodox measures have failed to bring the quick and certain results expected of them. Certainly the growth of industry-wide collective bargaining agreements in certain key fields has tended more and more to set the pattern for the whole of industry. And yet the retiring Secretary of the Treasury in the United States (no man to rationalize the case for labor) tells us that "there is no such thing as cost-push inflation—there is just plain inflation."

Perhaps the truth lies somewhere between these points of view. When unemployment is exceptionally low—as it has been in the past two years throughout most of the Western world, organized labor can indeed force higher wage rates on consumers, even when the higher wages are not justified by rising productivity. Since unemployment is still very low despite a few signs of weakness in some of our major industries, the "wage push" goes on.

There is a fair chance, however, that in the next six to twelve months the tide might turn, not because wage demands abate, but because the excessive pressure of demand for capital investment purposes will gradually spend itself. When this occurs—as it is bound to do with the economy reaching a new plateau of industrial capacity—there should be less strain on the supply of manpower. This is the only real deterrent to a "wage push" inflation.

On the whole, monetary and fiscal policies to control inflation have achieved a fair measure of success in Canada and elsewhere. It is doubtful if further doses of the same medicine will do much more than endanger confidence. The real problem now is to determine what level of unemployment is socially and politically acceptable before the government is driven to setting the inflationary engine in motion again.

The fact is that unemployment has been a bit too low in the past two years, judged strictly by the result—inflation. The modern doctrine of "full employment" never meant "maximum employment at whatever cost, even inflation." Full employment is only that maximum level of employment which is consistent with stable prices, given appropriate monetary and budgetary policies.

Will the Conservative government stick to the basic fiscal and monetary policies which their predecessors followed after 1950, and let these policies complete the job? Or will it feel compelled to mollify every supplicant for special aid who turns up in Ottawa? The prospect is not encouraging. So far the builders have come away with \$150 millions in

mortgage funds, and some Nova Scotian coal mines are to receive special subsidies to keep them open.

The winning of a few extra Parliamentary seats is no doubt first-priority business. But the Conservatives should be reminded that they draw much of their political strength from the pensionable population, who will not thank them for another bout of inflation.

"Conad"

On August 1 the new Minister of National Defence, Mr. Pearkes, and the out-going U.S. Secretary of Defense, Mr. Charles E. Wilson, announced jointly that their "two Governments have agreed to the setting up of a system of integrated operational control of the air defense forces of the Continental United States, Alaska and Canada under an integrated command responsible to the chiefs of staff of both countries." This news was received in Canada with a calm indifference not at all like the public outcry predicted had the Liberals negotiated a similar agreement. The only emphatic dissent so far recorded has been that of the editors of *Red Star*, the journal of the Soviet Army, who see in the new arrangements "an immediate threat to Canada which turns that country into a military vassal of the United States." Members of the present Government have said as much from the other side of the House. But they should not now be chastised for that; only praised for so quickly abandoning the excessive opinions induced by prolonged opposition.

Assuming it will increase the efficiency of the defence of North America—and we can only take the word of the military experts that it will—the decision to create the Continental Air Defence Command (CONAD) is to be

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welcomed. When nations are threatened with destruction sovereignty becomes irrelevant—as Mr. Churchill saw more clearly than the French Government in 1940. But just how much, and in what ways, sovereignty is to be pooled in the new command is not clear. The headquarters at Colorado Springs is in the charge of an American general, and a Canadian air marshal is his deputy. The announcement of August 1 employs the term “integrated” throughout its text, carefully avoiding “unified.” But “to combine into a whole,” as the *Shorter Oxford Dictionary* informs us, is not quite the same thing as “to cause to become one.” Are the planners of CONAD conscious of this distinction and, if they are, what is its significance? The phrase “integrated operational control” suggests the kind of verbal manipulation by which the drafters of the Beauvais Agreement of 1918 secured for Marshal Foch “the strategic direction of military operations.”

The precise extent of the new Command's control is likewise not revealed. Does it include the three radar chains and their supporting air defences? Has General Partridge (or in his absence Air Marshal Slemon) the authority to send the hydrogen bombers of the Strategic Air Command upon their massively-retaliating mission? What, if anything, have they to say about using atomic ground-to-air and air-to-air missiles? There is no more useful way in which the defence critic of the Liberal Opposition can begin his career than by narrowly interrogating Mr. Pearkes upon these points. No good purpose is served by allowing them to remain obscure.

JAMES EAYRS.

The German Elections

► JUDGING BY PAST performances and present indications, September 15th will mark another West German electoral victory for Konrad Adenauer. It is true that the percentage of the electorate which the Chancellor's Christian Democrats can count on with certainty is no higher than the 30 per cent or so which seem safely lined up in the ranks of the Social Democratic opposition. Yet among both the 25-30 per cent of the uncommitted voters as well as the supporters of several of the minority parties the Chancellor seems assured of the backing—direct or indirect—necessary to keep him in office. As before, the West German government can be expected to represent a coalition; but it will be a coalition which excludes the Social Democrats and which, at least in the beginning, will continue committed to assumptions and policies which by now are well known.

How is this remarkable continuity of political leadership to be accounted for? The most immediate factor, of course, is the absence of any major German internal discontent. Economically, the West Germans as a whole are absorbed in a higher standard of living than most of them can remember. Among a people which but a scant decade ago subsisted on the edge of starvation this fact weighs even more heavily than it might elsewhere.

Related to their economic satisfactions is another gain which in the Germans' minds tends to be identified with the leadership of the old Chancellor—the restoration of their international self-respect. In 1945, as every German knew full well (whether he was convinced of the justice of the fact or not), the world's confidence in his nation was at rock bottom; today—in the eyes of most Germans largely thanks to Konrad Adenauer—that confidence is well on the way to being restored. And lest the German electorate be tempted to forget, it is a conscious Christian Democratic policy to emphasize this interpretation of the Adenauer record as unreservedly as possible. As the Chancellor himself undertook to warn his countrymen in this regard in a speech early in July of this year:

“Sincere-minded politicians abroad have continued to ask themselves this question: ‘Won't this party, the Social Democratic party one day come to power? And will not everything that we have done with the German people then have been in vain?’ We are firmly determined that the SPD will never come to power.

“Why are we so firmly determined? Do not think for a moment that it is out of partisan political hatred. No, the reason is that we believe that a Social Democratic victory means Germany's demise.

“... And if, in the Autumn—Lord, the possibility must be mentioned, if I should then be defeated—Ladies and Gentlemen, the whole world would say: ‘Quite obviously, the German people are not to be trusted even yet!’”

To this identification of Adenauer with German postwar prosperity and international prestige must, of course, be added several further factors. One of these is the more cautious, not to say ineffectual, leadership of the Social Democrats and the latter's continued, at least theoretically, Marxist class association. Yet another circumstance which has undoubtedly strengthened the Chancellor's prospects has been the conduct of the Soviets. Whether from ignorance, intent or lack of interest, they could not have played their part with greater effect had they been coached: in the West German government's well-timed recent Moscow negotiations on the subject of the return of German nationals the men in the Kremlin behaved true to their Bolshevik reputations throughout; and in their restatements of their conditions for German reunification they have sounded as brusque and categorical as ever. Washington, in contrast, with its promise of the return of prewar German assets and its recent Four Power Declaration, has left nothing undone to reaffirm itself in the eyes of the Germans as what Adenauer has for eight years represented it to be: the power with whose interests those of the Germans are identical and with whose policies they have no rational or honorable alternative but to continue to associate themselves.

The question, of course, is whether the Adenauer victory will mean what Washington wants and predicts it to mean. From what this observer understands of these expectations and the situation in Germany today it very likely will not. For the Adenauer epoch, as useful and appreciated as it has been, has, in the nature of things, been only an interval. It can by no means be assumed to represent what is likely to evolve as the Germans' longer range internal or international political idiom. The policies and arrangements of the Adenauer epoch have been an integral part of the Cold War. To the extent, therefore, that the Cold War continues to thaw, these policies and arrangements will on all sides be re-examined. Although the electoral expression of this re-examination may in Germany be deferred until after Adenauer's eventual retirement (which at best can be a matter of but a few years), the re-examination itself has already begun and cannot be halted.

Central to this inevitable re-examination is a dilemma which more and more Germans are beginning to point to. On the one hand, the objective of German reunification and the Adenauer-endorsed policy of West German membership in NATO (along with the insistence on prior all-German free elections) are increasingly seen to be incompatible. As was commented by Munich's *Sueddeutsche Zeitung* on the occasion of the recent Four Power Declaration on disarmament and the West's conditions for German reunification: “We do not know why [the four powers] took the trouble to list point by point views that the Soviet Union never can consider as a basis of negotiation . . . The Berlin

Declaration could in fact contribute to the obstruction of the London disarmament talks."

On the other horn of the dilemma in which the Germans' re-examination of their national future is involving them is a quite different eventuality. What if the easing of international tensions should deter *both* the Soviets *and* the Americans from making further concessions on the subject of Germany? And what, indeed, if these superpowers should possibly redevelop a common interest in *keeping* Germany divided? Considered from the point of view of either of these eventualities the assumptions and policies of Adenauer are, needless to say, untenable.

But, as more and more Germans face up to this dilemma, what are likely to be the repercussions in German domestic and international politics? The first consequence of the search for alternatives and independent initiative will almost certainly be a more or less embittered repudiation of Adenauer and of those at home and abroad who most strongly supported him. With their foreign-policy theses and claims rejected the Christian Democrats would, at the very least, lose their leadership in the coalition. Should such an event be followed by the succession to government leadership of the Social Democrats, the results, of course, could be expected to be both responsible and carried out with an awareness of the need for stability. But what—as seems as likely as not—if the Social Democrats even then could not muster the strength for government leadership? Would this not very possibly usher in a period of more and more frustrating and restless political and governmental instability? And would this, in turn, not create the need in the eyes of many Germans for political leadership that, unlike that of Adenauer, *did* advance what seemed to be realistic and plausible strategies for national reunification and, unlike that of the Social Democrats, *was* socialistic but *without* the alienating burden of Marxist theory? And would this not, then, constitute an essentially similar situation and logic to that which prevailed in 1933?

How the Germans would attempt to cope with such a situation would, of necessity, be very different from what occurred twenty-five years ago. The relative loss of German power, the new weapons and, most important of all, the Germans' well-learned lesson that on their own they can never again make the bid for unilateral mastery of their environment—these are circumstances which would set to the Germans' freedom of action very real and confining limits. Yet, necessity being the mother of invention and international alignments being as shifting and unpredictable as they are, would it not be the part of wisdom at least to consider the possibilities of such eventualities?

OTTO BUTZ.

The McMaster University Act, 1957

With the revision of the charter of McMaster University, the last Ontario University under Protestant denominational control will become a secular institution, legally and financially independent of the Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec which has been its support since 1887. Only the newly incorporated Divinity College will operate under a denominational board and be responsible to the Baptist Convention.

The officials of the University are quick to point out that the revision of the Charter in no way represents failure as far as the Convention is concerned. Rather the work of the University has so expanded in scope in recent years that the Convention has found it increasingly difficult to support. Baptists have always believed in the strictest separation of church and state, and hence that education controlled by a

religious body has no right to receive help from the public purse. When the science departments of the University needed such help in 1948 to expand their research facilities, they were constituted into a separate secular body called Hamilton College which was then free to solicit corporation and civic grants. Essentially the same thing is now done for the whole university. The huge building program planned to meet the coming university crisis would be impossible on any other basis. So, with the traditionally shrewd propriety of Anglo-Saxon Dissent, the Baptists are relinquishing control on the double grounds of high principle and financial advantage. They claim with some pride and no small measure of truth that after seventy years of careful nurture, McMaster University is their gift to the people of Canada.

The complexion of the campus will not be noticeably different under the new dispensation. McMaster has long since ceased to be the mecca for Canadian Baptist students. The student body already includes members of every major religious denomination and racial group. There is, for example, a higher proportion of Eastern Orthodox students at McMaster than at any other Canadian university. There are particularly large contingents of West Indians and recently arrived new Canadians. Except in the graduate school, however, most students are drawn from the Hamilton and Niagara districts, and this situation will certainly continue.

The new charter may bring a change in the Arts faculty. Until now permanent membership there was restricted to "Evangelical Protestants", a phrase liberally translated to mean anything from Anglo-Catholics to polite agnostics. With the old restriction gone, it will no longer be necessary to refrain from appointing professors who happen to be Roman Catholics or Jews.

For the undergraduate societies, there may be greater freedom in the future choice of modern drama and film. Brecht's *Threepenny Opera* might conceivably be produced now, for example, where certain sectors of Baptist opinion would have made the lives of university deans extremely uncomfortable if it had been attempted in the past. In the realm of student publications it is difficult to envisage any significant measure of free expression not already enjoyed. The real question for the university in the years ahead is not how to exploit a newly-won liberty, but rather how to preserve a tradition of academic freedom already possessed against the subtle, well-meaning and immensely powerful pressures of the new masters: Government, Big Business and Public Opinion.

As the 1957-58 term begins, McMaster will see its greatest change not in secularization but in the new Nuclear Reactor to be built on the campus, the first of any Canadian university.

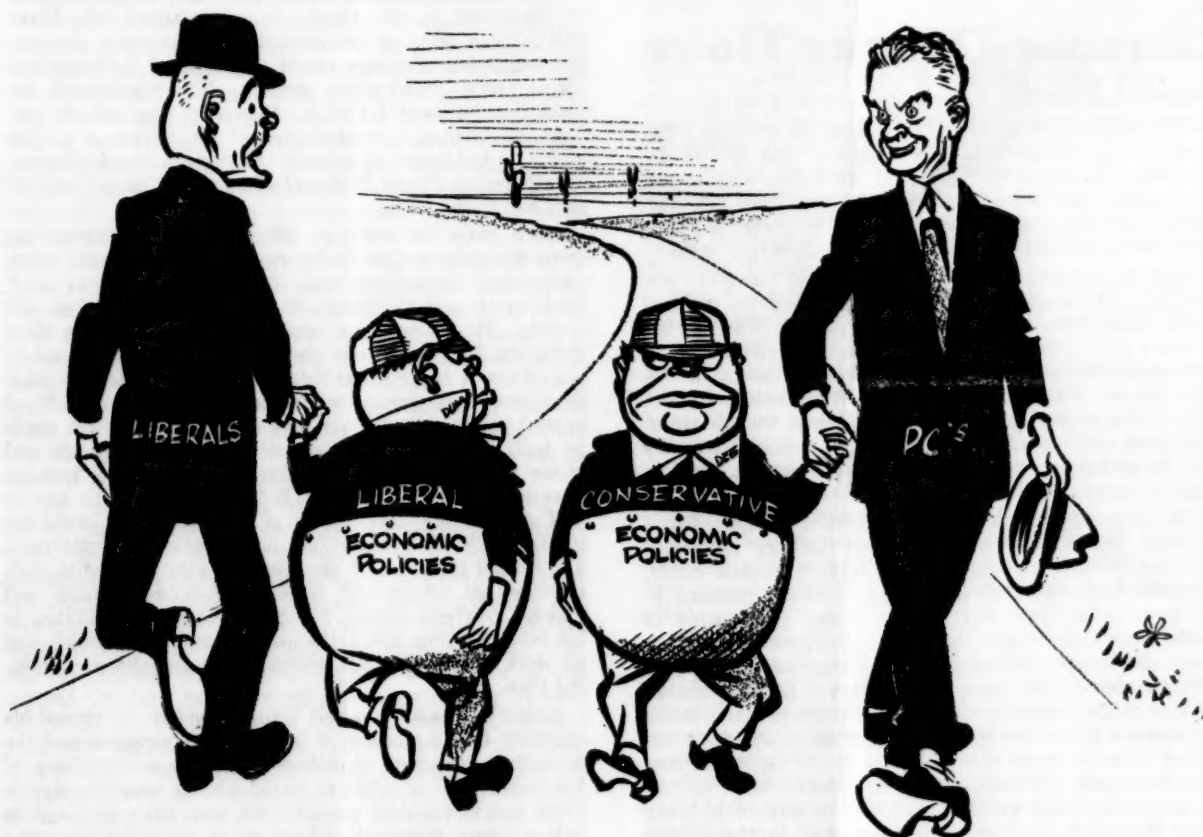
WILLIAM KILBOURN.

Canadian Calendar

- Canadian servicemen generally were already the highest paid in the world before new pay increases were announced on July 15.
- Credit buying in Canada last May rose 17.4 per cent more than in May 1956.
- Dividend payments by Canadian companies increased 12 per cent during the first seven months of 1957.
- The federal government on July 17 put price supports on turkeys and fowls and improved import controls on movement of the two products from the United States.
- Canadians bought fewer new passenger cars and commercial vehicles in May. New passenger car sales dropped to 44,780 units from the record total of 53,870 units in May, 1956.

- Department store sales in Canada declined 2 per cent in June from a year earlier.
- Shipments of Canadian newsprint during the first half of 1957 rose to a record peak but the United States—by far the main purchaser—reduced her percentage of the total.
- Sales of TV sets in the first five months of 1957 decreased 21.7 per cent from the same period of last year. Sales of radio receiving sets, on the other hand, are higher than last year.
- Premier Smallwood's Newfoundland Government declared on July 22 that it needs \$17,000,000 a year more from the federal treasury if the province's public services are to be maintained at their present level.
- Cash sales increased 9 per cent in the first quarter of this year compared with last year, but installment and charge sales increased only 6 per cent.
- It was announced on July 23 that Revenue Minister Nowlan had been selected as the minister through whom the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation would report to parliament.
- The Canadian Navy's patrol vessel, HMCS Labrador, will blaze trail shortly through the difficult Bellot Strait for three U.S. ships seeking a west-east escape route from northern waters.
- Canada's bachelors outnumbered spinsters by 422,593 last year and the margin has widened in the previous five years.
- The federal government has moved to slow the rate of immigration to Canada for the rest of the year.

- Quebec is now the most highly urbanized province in Canada. Cities, towns and villages account for 69.9 per cent of the population. Alberta and British Columbia run second and third with something over 60 per cent, while Ontario had 56.7 per cent, 1 per cent lower than the national average.
- Finance Minister Fleming reported on July 26 that in the first quarter of the current fiscal year the federal surplus amounted to \$120,000,000, as compared with last year's surplus of \$240,000,000. But this year's spending includes the \$100,000,000 paid in April to the Canada Council by the previous Liberal administration.
- Immigrant arrivals in the January-June period of this year number 175,000, compared with 164,857 for all of last year. The six month figure is the largest since 1913, when 225,000 arrived.
- The Bureau of Statistics reported on August 1 that Canada's population on June 1 was 16,589,000, compared with 16,081,000 a year earlier—the biggest annual jump in Canada's history. Ontario had the biggest population gain, reaching 5,622,000 persons. Proportionately, however, the fastest-growing province was British Columbia where population expanded at the rate of 6.3 per cent in the year, reaching 1,487,000 (Ontario 4 per cent, Quebec 2.8 per cent, Alberta 3.2 per cent). The other provinces made slight gains, except P.E.I. which remained stationary and Saskatchewan which declined slightly.
- A dugout canoe which may have been built more than 5000 years ago was found near the bottom of Haines Lake, York County, Ont., on July 30.



- Average weekly wages and salaries earned by Canadians rose to a record \$67.78 at June 1. Workers in B.C. earned the highest weekly wage at \$74.54 (Ontario \$70.33, Alberta \$69.22, Quebec \$65.04, Saskatchewan \$64.21, Manitoba \$63.21, Newfoundland \$62.79, Nova Scotia \$56, New Brunswick \$55.56, P.E.I. \$52.89).
- Prime Minister Diefenbaker announced on August 2 that other Commonwealth countries have agreed to a conference of their finance ministers at Mont Tremblant, Que., starting September 28.
- Very Rev. Reginald Sidney Kingsley Seeley, Provost of Trinity College, Toronto, died early in August at Trenton General Hospital of injuries received in a highway accident. He was 49 years old.
- Prime Minister Diefenbaker on August 7 named Paul Comtois, general manager of Quebec's Farm Credit Bureau, Minister of Mines, the second French-speaking cabinet member, and shifted Northern Affairs Minister Harkness to the agriculture department.
- The A. V. Roe Canada Limited (Avro) has made an offer to take over Dominion Steel & Coal Corporation by acquiring all the shares of that company.
- Over 75 per cent of Canada's eligible voters cast ballots in the June 10 federal election.
- Construction contract awards in Canada in July fell by \$131,961,900 to \$248,100,500. The cumulative total for the first seven months came up to \$1,640,215,500—\$355,376,000 short of the record set during the similar period 1956.
- Prime Minister Diefenbaker has named James R. Nelson, president of the Parliamentary Press Gallery, his press officer.

Clarence Decatur Howe

Pauline Jewett

► THE ELECTORAL UPSET of June 10, 1957, saw the defeat of nine Liberal cabinet ministers. One of the defeated was the Right Honourable C. D. Howe, member for Port Arthur, and for almost 22 years a cabinet minister. In the following essay a brief attempt is made to assess Mr. Howe's political career—a career which is now ended.

There will undoubtedly be a large niche in Canadian history for C. D. Howe. Not because he was a great political leader. Indeed he knew nothing of politics. Nor because he was a great parliamentarian. Indeed he knew nothing of parliament. Nor because he was a great humanitarian. Indeed he knew nothing of the people. Rather because he was a very able business man who was willing to use his entrepreneurial and organizational talents in a public capacity and, in so doing, to facilitate the rapid economic development of the country.

Canadian economic development has always required considerable help from the government. Railway promoters have needed money, infant industries have needed tariffs, economic interests of all kinds have needed assistance in one form or another. The Liberals under Blake tried to ignore this and the country stood still. No government since has made the same mistake. (Indeed, they have sometimes gone too far in the opposite direction.) *Laissez-faire* in business matters may have been all right for England in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, even for the United States to some degree. It was not all right for Canada. Ever since Confederation governments have had to work in partnership with business if they wanted to bring about large-scale economic expansion. And in the 1930's,

and during the war years, they had to provide not only financial and other assistance but, in common with democratic governments everywhere, drive and direction as well.

This close association of government and business has made it necessary for the cabinet to have in its midst at any given time a man who understood business and was understood by it. Such a man has not always been easy to secure. The rewards of private enterprise have been sufficiently great to make the able and successful business man prefer to be on the receiving end of government bounty rather than on the giving end. Even in the 1930's, when the rewards of private enterprise were relatively small, the correspondingly increased power and prestige of political office were not a sufficient inducement. Had a number of such men been demanded (as in the United States under Eisenhower), there would have been no particular difficulty. But none wanted to go alone into a nest of professional politicians, lawyers and farmers, even if he were prepared to forsake his business for a political career.

C. D. Howe was an exception. He seemed to have no qualms about the company he would be keeping nor was he reluctant to leave his own highly successful engineering and construction firm for the lesser fruits of political office. One can only conclude that he had a genuine desire for public service, all the stronger, perhaps, because this was his adopted country. Not any public service, of course. One cannot see him, for example, serving in a New Deal of the Roosevelt type. But to work in partnership with business, to promote economic recovery and expansion, was exactly to his liking. When, therefore, Mackenzie King asked him to run for parliament in 1935, with the promise of a cabinet post in the likely event of a Liberal victory, he agreed.

As Minister of Railways and Canals and of Marine, later of Transport, in Mr. King's pre-war ministry, Mr. Howe had a large share in the promotion of economic recovery and expansion. He reorganized the national harbours and the national broadcasting systems. He recapitalized the Canadian National Railways. Most important of all, perhaps, he created a transcontinental air service, a project which he had hoped to effect in partnership with business—the Canadian Pacific Railways—but which, in the end, he had had to do alone.

Then came the war and, after the fall of France, the great demands on Canada for war goods of all kinds: ships, planes and tanks, and such strategic materials as steel, base metals and aluminum. As Minister of Munitions and Supply, Mr. Howe was responsible for satisfying these demands. This required a tremendous industrial expansion. To secure it he prodded industrial corporations into huge expansion programmes, by guaranteeing fast write-offs of capital invested, and when they could not make the grade he built the necessary plants with government funds and either turned them over to industry to manage or had the government do the job itself. Before the end of the war he had got industry into a host of new activities, producing goods which the country had never before manufactured, and he had created 28 Crown corporations engaged in such activities as mining and refining, producing aircraft and making synthetic rubber. He did all of this in addition to his other wartime tasks, the most important of which was his work on behalf of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan.

As the war ended—indeed, before it ended—he turned his attention to the problem of industrial reconversion and the peacetime expansion of industry. He became Minister of Reconstruction in addition to Munitions and Supply, in 1944, and in his dual capacity did everything he could to help industry reconvert and get on an expanded peacetime

basis. He liquidated most of the public corporations he had created during the war, disposing of buildings and machinery at very low prices, and thereby removed the Crown from competition with private enterprise. He allowed enlarged depreciation allowances through an interim period and he pushed the development of housing, uranium, and many other projects.

Then, as Minister of Trade and Commerce from 1948 on, he continued to foster a favorable climate for private enterprise to operate in. His buoyant optimism alone was a major factor, as it had been in the immediate post-war years. More direct help was also forthcoming, as in his securing of parliamentary approval of the incorporation of pipeline companies and financial assistance for the builders of the trans-Canada pipeline, as well as in his pushing of the development of atomic power and the production of radio-active isotopes for industrial uses. And as Minister of Defence Production, in addition to Trade and Commerce, from 1951 on, he helped to keep the newly created industrial economy on its feet by pouring millions of dollars worth of equipment into privately owned plants to perform special services and by allowing accelerated depreciation on goods for defence.

Under C. D. Howe's aegis the Canadian economy has emerged from industrial adolescence to near-maturity, attracting the attention, financial and otherwise, of many other nations. This has been a very substantial achievement. In helping to secure it, Mr. Howe has probably taken too many of the risks out of capitalism. Certainly he has been the best friend Canadian business ever had, particularly big business. But he has also been one of the best friends the Canadian economy as a whole has ever had, as its high levels of employment and income bear witness.

All of this is not enough, however, in a political democracy. Fostering the economic development of the country, no matter how successfully it may be done, is no substitute for an understanding of politics, parliament and the people. C. D. Howe, unfortunately, had no such understanding. He was, in fact, thoroughly at odds with the democratic process, disliking the explanations, discussions, compromises, and further explanations that are its essential ingredients. He was interested only in action and in the power that makes action possible.

So long as Mackenzie King was Prime Minister, or at least until his last year in office, Mr. Howe's political defects were not bared too frequently to the public or, if bared, were not taken too much amiss. In the pre-war years Mr. King did not rely too heavily on his new minister for political or parliamentary leadership, nor did Mr. Howe appear very often directly before the public. And during the war years, although both parliament and public saw and heard considerably more of him, the tenor of the times ran in favor of the man of action.

After the end of the war, however, and particularly after Mr. St. Laurent assumed the Prime Ministership, Mr. Howe began to occupy an ever-increasing role in political and parliamentary leadership. He became, in effect, the Prime Minister's equal, bulldozing his way through cabinet and parliament with his Essential Materials Bill in 1950, his Defence Production Act in 1951, its amendment in 1955, and his pipeline legislation in 1956. The results were disastrous. On each successive occasion his antipathy towards the democratic process became more fully revealed. On each successive occasion the public became increasingly disenchanted with his authoritarian rule. Finally, on June 10, 1957, the battle was joined, bringing defeat both to C. D. Howe and to the cabinet and party he had come to dominate. For surely it is no exaggeration to say that if Mr.

Howe had not been in the government in the past few years, or if he had been leashed more effectively, the Liberal hold on office would have been perpetuated for another four years.

C. D. Howe will undoubtedly be remembered for his many accomplishments for the Canadian economy. He will probably be remembered even more for the lesson he inadvertently taught: that a society which has had any substantial experience of self-government wants and expects its political leaders to be its servants, not its masters.

Sunday Afternoon

Alice Munro

► MRS. GANNETT came into the kitchen walking delicately to a melody played in her head, flashing the polished cotton skirts of a flowered sundress. Alva was there, washing glasses. It was half-past two; people had started coming in for drinks about half-past twelve. They were the usual people; Alva had seen most of them a couple of times before, in the three weeks she had been working for the Gannetts. There was Mrs. Gannett's brother, and his wife, and the Vances and the Fredericks; Mrs. Gannett's parents came in for a little while, after service at St. Martin's, bringing with them a young nephew, or cousin, who stayed when they went home. Mrs. Gannett's side of the family was the right side; she had three sisters, all fair, forthright and unreflective women, rather more athletic than she, and these magnificently outspoken and handsome parents, both of them with pure white hair. It was Mrs. Gannett's father who owned the island in Georgian Bay, where he had built summer homes for each of his daughters, the island that in a week's time Alva was to see. Mr. Gannett's mother, on the other hand, lived in half of the red-brick house in a treeless street of exactly similar red brick houses, almost downtown. Once a week Mrs. Gannett picked her up and took her for a drive and home to supper, and nobody drank anything but grape juice until she had been taken home. Once when Mr. and Mrs. Gannett had to go out immediately after supper she came into the kitchen and put away the dishes for Alva; she was rather cranky and aloof, as the women in Alva's own family would have been with a maid, and Alva minded this less than the practised, considerate affability of Mrs. Gannett's sisters.

Mrs. Gannett opened the refrigerator and stood there, holding the door. Finally she said, with something like a giggle, "Alva, I think we could have lunch—"

"All right," Alva said. Mrs. Gannett looked at her. Alva never said anything wrong, really wrong, that is rude, and Mrs. Gannett was not so unrealistic as to expect a high-school girl, even a country high-school girl, to answer, "Yes, ma'am," as the old maids did in her mother's kitchen; but there was often in Alva's tone an affected ease, a note of exaggerated carelessness and agreeability that was all the more irritating because Mrs. Gannett could not think of any way to object to it. At any rate it stopped her giggling; her tanned, painted face grew suddenly depressed and sober.

"The potato salad," she said. "Aspic and tongue. Don't forget to heat the rolls. Did you peel the tomatoes? Fine—Oh, look Alva, I don't think those radishes look awfully attractive, do you? You better slice them—Jean used to do roses, you know the way they cut petals around—they used to look lovely."

Alva began clumsily to cut radishes. Mrs. Gannett walked around the kitchen, frowning, sliding her fingertips along the blue and coral counters. She was wearing her hair pulled

up into a topknot, showing her neck very thin, brown and rather sun-coarsened; her deep tan made her look sinewy and dried. Nevertheless Alva, who was hardly tanned at all because she spent the hot part of the day in the house, and who at seventeen was thicker than she would have liked in the legs and the waist, envied her this brown and splintery elegance; Mrs. Gannett had a look of being made of entirely synthetic and superior substances.

"Cut the angel-food with a string, you know that, and I'll tell you how many sherbet and how many maple-mousse. Plain vanilla for Mr. Gannett, its in the freezer—There's plenty of either for your own dessert — Oh, Derek, you monster!" Mrs. Gannett ran out to the patio, crying, "Derek, Derek!" in tones of shrill and happy outrage. Alva, who knew that Derek was Mr. Vance, a stockbroker, just remembered in time not to peer out the top of the Dutch-door to see what was happening. That was one of her difficulties on Sundays, when they were all drinking, and becoming relaxed and excited; she had to remember that it was not permissible for her to show a little relaxation and excitement too. Of course, she was not drinking, except out of the bottoms of glasses when they were brought back to the kitchen—and then only if it was gin, cold, and sweetened. But the feeling of unreality, of alternate apathy and recklessness, became very strong in the house by the middle of afternoon. Alva would meet people coming from the bathroom, absorbed and melancholy, she would glimpse women in the dim bedrooms swaying towards their reflections in the mirror, very slowly applying their lipstick, and someone would have fallen asleep on the long chesterfield in the den. By this time the drapes would have been drawn across the glass walls of living-room and dining-room, against the heat of the sun; those long, curtained and carpeted rooms, with their cool colours, seemed floating in an underwater light. Alva found it already hard to remember that the rooms at home, such small rooms, could hold so many things; here were such bland unbroken surfaces, such spaces—a whole long, wide passage empty, except for two tall Danish vases standing against the farthest wall, carpet, walls and ceiling all done in blue variants of grey; Alva, walking down this hallway, not making any sound, wished for a mirror, or something to bump into; she did not know if she was there or not.

Before she carried the lunch out to the patio she combed her hair at a little mirror at the end of the kitchen counter, pushing curls up around her face. She re-tied her apron, pulling its wide band very tight. It was all she could do; the uniform had belonged to Jean, and Alva had asked, the first time she tried it on, if maybe it was too big; but Mrs. Gannett did not think so. The uniform was blue, the predominant kitchen colour; it had white cuffs and collar and scalloped apron. She had to wear stockings too, and white Cuban-heeled shoes that clomped on the stones of the patio—making, in contrast to the sandals and pumps, a heavy, purposeful, plebeian sound. But nobody looked around at her, as she carried plates, napkins, dishes of food to a long wrought-iron table. Only Mrs. Gannett came, and rearranged things. The way Alva had of putting things down on a table always seemed to lack something, though there, too, she did not make any real mistakes.

While they were eating she ate her own lunch, sitting at the kitchen table, looking through an old copy of *Time*. There was no bell, of course, on the patio; Mrs. Gannett called, "All right, Alva!" or simply, "Alva!" in tones as discreet and penetrating as those of the bell. It was queer to hear her call this, in the middle of talking to someone, and then begin laughing again; it seemed as if she had a mechanical voice, even a button she pushed, for Alva.

At the end of the meal they all carried their own dessert-plates and coffee-cups back to the kitchen. Mrs. Vance said the potato-salad was lovely; Mr. Vance, quite drunk, said lovely, lovely. He stood right behind Alva at the sink, so very close she felt his breath, and sensed the position of his hands; he did not quite touch her. Mr. Vance was very big, curly-haired, high-coloured; his hair was grey, and Alva found him alarming, because he was the sort of man she was used to being respectful to. Mrs. Vance talked all the time, and seemed, when talking to Alva, more unsure of herself, yet warmer, than any of the other women. There was some instability in the situation of the Vances; Alva was not sure what it was; it might have been just that they had not so much money as the others. At any rate they were always being very entertaining, very enthusiastic, and Mr. Vance was always getting too drunk.

"Going up north, Alva, up to Georgian Bay?" Mr. Vance said, and Mrs. Vance said, "Oh, you'll love it, the Gannetts have a lovely place," and Mr. Vance said, "Get some sun on you up there, eh?" and then they went away. Alva, able to move now, turned around to get some dirty plates and noticed that Mr. Gannett's cousin, or whoever he was, was still there. He was thin and leathery-looking, like Mrs. Gannett, though dark. He said, "You don't happen to have any more coffee here, do you?" Alva poured him what there was, half a cup. He stood and drank it, watching her stack the dishes. Then he said, "Lots of fun, eh?" and when she looked up, laughed, and went out.

Alva was free after she finished the dishes; dinner would be late. She could not actually leave the house; Mrs. Gannett might want her for something. And she could not go outside; they were out there. She went upstairs; then, remembering that Mrs. Gannett had said she could read any of the books in the den, she went down again to get one. In the hall she met Mr. Gannett, who looked at her very seriously, attentively, but seemed about to go past without saying anything; then he said, "See here, Alva — See here, are you getting enough to eat?"

It was not a joke, since Mr. Gannett did not make them. It was, in fact, something he had asked her two or three times before. It seemed that he felt a responsibility for her, when he saw her in his house; the important thing seemed to be, that she should be well fed. Alva reassured him, flushing with annoyance; was she a heifer? She said, "I was going to the den to get a book. Mrs. Gannett said it would be all right—"

"Yes, yes, any book you like," Mr. Gannett said, and he unexpectedly opened the door of the den for her and led her to the bookshelves, where he stood frowning. "What book would you like?" he said. He reached toward the shelf of brightly-jacketed mysteries and historical novels, but Alva said, "I've never read *King Lear*."

"*King Lear*," said Mr. Gannett. "Oh." He did not know where to look for it, so Alva got it down herself. "Nor *The Red and the Black*," she said. That did not impress him so much, but it was something she might really read; she could not go back to her room with just *King Lear*. She went out of the room feeling well-pleased; she had shown him she did something besides eat. A man would be more impressed by *King Lear* than a woman. Nothing could make any difference to Mrs. Gannett; a maid was a maid.

But in her room, she did not want to read. Her room was over the garage, and very hot. Sitting on the bed rumpled her uniform, and she did not have another ironed. She could take it off and sit in her slip, but Mrs. Gannett might call her, and want her at once. She stood at the window, looking up and down the street. The street was a crescent, a wide

slow curve, with no sidewalks; Alva had felt a little conspicuous, the once or twice she had walked along it; you never saw people walking. The houses were set far apart, far back from the street, behind brilliant lawns and rockeries and ornamental trees; in this area in front of the houses, no one ever spent time but the Chinese gardeners; the lawn furniture, the swings and garden-tables were set out on the back lawns, which were surrounded by hedges, stone-walls, pseudo-rustic fences. The street was lined with parked cars this afternoon; from behind the houses came sounds of conversation and a great deal of laughter. In spite of the heat, there was no blur on the day, up here; everything—the stone and white stucco houses, the flowers, the flower-coloured cars,—looked hard and glittering, exact and perfect. There was no haphazard thing in sight. The street, like an advertisement, had an almost aggressive look of bright summer spirits; Alva felt dazzled by this, by the laughter, by people whose lives were relevant to the street. She sat down on a hard chair in front of an old-fashioned child's desk—all the furniture in this room had come out of other rooms that had been redecorated; it was the only place in the house where you could find things unmatched, unrelated to each other, and wooden things that were not large, low and pale. She began to write a letter to her family.

"—and the houses, all the others too, are just tremendous, mostly quite modern. There isn't a weed in the lawns, they have a gardener spend a whole day every week just cleaning out what looks to be perfect already. I think the men are rather sappy, the fuss they make over perfect lawns and things like that. They do go out and rough it every once in a while but that is all very complicated and everything has to be just so. It is like that with everything they do and everywhere they go.

"Don't worry about me being lonesome and downtrodden and all that maid sort of thing. I wouldn't let anybody get away with anything like that. Besides I'm not a maid really, it's just for the summer. I don't feel lonesome, why should I? I just observe and am interested. Mother, of course I can't eat with them. Don't be ridiculous. It's not the same thing as a hired girl at all. Also I prefer to eat alone. If you wrote Mrs. Gannett a letter she wouldn't know what you were talking about, and I don't mind. *So don't!*

"Also I think it would be better when Marion comes down if I took my afternoon off and met her downtown. I don't want particularly to have her come here. I'm not sure how maid's relatives come. Of course it's all right if she wants to. I can't always tell how Mrs. Gannett will react, that's all, and I try to take it easy around her without letting her get away with anything. She is all right though.

"In a week we will be leaving for Georgian Bay and of course I am looking forward to that. I will be able to go swimming every day she (Mrs. Gannett) says and—"

Her room was really too hot. She put the unfinished letter under the blotter on the desk. A radio was playing in Margaret's room. She walked down the hall towards Margaret's door, hoping it would be open. Margaret was not quite fourteen; the difference in age compensated for other differences, and it was not too bad to be with Margaret.

The door was open, and there spread out on the bed were Margaret's crinolines and summer dresses. Alva had not known she had so many.

"I'm not really packing," Margaret said. "I know it would be crazy. I'm just seeing what I've got. I hope my stuff is all right," she said. "I hope it's not too."

Alva touched the clothes on the bed, feeling a great delight in these delicate colours, in the smooth little bodices, expensively tucked and shaped, the crinolines with their crisp and

fanciful bursts of net; in these clothes there was a very pretty artificial innocence. Alva was not envious; no, this had nothing to do with her; this was part of Margaret's world, that rigid pattern of private school (short tunics and long black stockings), hockey, choir, sailing in summer, parties, boys who wore blazers . . .

"Where are you going to wear them?" Alva said.

"To the Ojibway. The Hotel. They have dances every weekend, everybody goes down in their boats. Friday night is for kids and Saturday night is for parents and other people—That is I *will* be going," Margaret said rather grimly, "if I'm not a social flop. Both the Davis girls are."

"Don't worry," Alva said a little patronizingly. "You'll be fine."

"I don't really like dancing," Margaret said. "Not the way I like sailing, for instance. But you have to do it."

"You'll get to like it," Alva said. So there would be dances, they would go down in the boats, she would see them going and hear them coming home. All these things, which she should have expected—

Margaret sitting cross-legged on the floor, looked up at her with a blunt, clean face, and said, "Do you think I ought to start to neck this summer?"

"Yes," said Alva. "I would," she added almost vindictively. Margaret looked puzzled; she said, "I heard that's why Scotty didn't ask me at Easter"—

There was no sound, but Margaret slipped to her feet. "Mother's coming," she said with her lips only, and almost at once Mrs. Gannett came into the room, smiled with a good deal of control, and said, "Oh, Alva. This is where you are."

Margaret said, "I was telling her about the Island, Mummy."

"Oh. There are an awful lot of glasses sitting around down there Alva, maybe you could whisk them through now and they'd be out of the way when you want to get dinner—And Alva, do you have a fresh apron?"

"The yellow is so too tight, Mummy, I tried it on—"

"Look, darling, it's no use getting all that frippap out yet, there's still a week before we go—"

Alva went downstairs, passed along the blue hall, heard people talking seriously, a little drunkenly, in the den, and saw the door of the sewing-room closed softly, from within, as she approached. She went into the kitchen. She was thinking of the Island now. A whole island that they owned; nothing in sight that was not theirs. The rocks, the sun, the pine trees, and the deep, cold water of the Bay. What would she do there, what did the maids do? She could go swimming, at odd hours, go for walks by herself, and sometimes—when they went for groceries, perhaps—she would go along in the boat. There would not be so much work to do as there was here, Mrs. Gannett had said. She said the maids always enjoyed it. Alva thought of the other maids, those more talented, more accommodating girls; did they really enjoy it? What kind of freedom or content had they found, that she had not?

She filled the sink, got out the draining-rack again and began to wash glasses. Nothing was the matter, but she felt heavy, heavy with the heat and tired and uncaring, hearing all around her an incomprehensible faint noise—of other people's lives, of boats and cars and dances—and seeing this street, that promised island, in a harsh and continuous dazzle of sun. She could not make a sound here, not a dint.

She must remember, before dinner-time, to go up and put on a clean apron.

She heard the door open; someone came in from the patio. It was Mrs. Gannett's cousin.

"Here's another glass for you," he said. "Where'll I put it?"

"Anywhere," said Alva.

"Say thanks," Mrs. Gannett's cousin said, and Alva turned around wiping her hands on her apron, surprised, and then in a very short time not surprised. She waited, her back to the counter, and Mrs. Gannett's cousin took hold of her lightly, as in a familiar game, and spent sometime kissing her mouth.

"She asked me up to the island some weekend in August," he said.

Someone on the patio called him, and he went out, moving with the graceful, rather mocking stealth of some slight people. Alva stood still with her back to the counter.

This stranger's touch had eased her; her body was simply grateful and expectant, and she felt a lightness and confidence she had not known in this house. So there were things she had not taken into account, about herself, about them, and ways of living with them that were not so unreal. She would not mind thinking of the island now, the bare sunny rocks and the black little pine trees. She saw it differently now; it was even possible that she wanted to go there. But things always came together; there was something she would not explore yet—a tender spot, a new and still mysterious humiliation.

Hamlet at Stratford

Milton Wilson

► WHEN A PLAY has been performed, read and commented on as much as *Hamlet*, the pressure to create a new and sensational version becomes both more insistent and harder to satisfy. Michael Langham, Stratford's artistic director, has responded to this pressure, but not sensationally. His production has its radical features, but they are not always obvious or striking.

The least obvious of Mr. Langham's innovations, but perhaps the most unfortunate, is his arrangement of the sequence of events. When a play is as brilliantly plotted as *Hamlet*, the director who shifts the parts around does so to his own scandal. From the arrival of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to the end of the play-scene, Shakespeare's mingling of the various lines of the story is exceptionally complex and skilful. Hamlet's plots (the feigned madness and the play) and the court plots (the two spies, the love-decoy and the embassy to England) are all closely interwoven and alternated one with another, although each manages to retain its distinctness in the changing pattern. But (relying perhaps on the worthless authority of the pirated First Quarto of the play) Mr. Langham has chosen to unweave the rainbow. By shifting back Hamlet's most famous soliloquy and its sequel, the scene with Ophelia, he has arranged that most of the king's intrigues come in a row, and are then followed by Hamlet's. No longer are we assisted in understanding Hamlet's behavior with Ophelia by previous acquaintance with his "altered" condition. No longer is Hamlet's conception, preparation and execution of the play-scene interrupted by Polonius preparing his own play-scene, instructing Ophelia, setting the props, stationing the audience and finally creating a play which is a good deal more than he bargained for. Polonius, the critic, actor and producer, loses one of his functions, as foil to Hamlet's own theatricality. More important, by his rearrangement Mr. Langham seems to have lost the impetus, the excitement

and the rapid interplay of crossing intrigues without which *Hamlet* remains a problem but ceases to be a play. He has also had to invent a new scene to close his first act, and an extremely awkward piece of patchwork it is.

Although Mr. Langham does some rearranging in the second half (without even the dubious authority of the First Quarto), this time the play does not lose so much as theatre in the process. In fact, the whole performance improves noticeably after intermission. This is one of those rare *Hamlets* that get better and better as they move along. The staging and the invented business (e.g., in the death of Polonius and the search for his body) really starts to convince, and even the weaker performances seem to pick up with time. Douglas Campbell's Claudius, for example, is pretty feeble throughout most of the play. Hamlet compares him to a "satyr" and he does his best to deserve the term. Pudgy and lethargic, he is even disinterested in his job as king. One of his most significant speeches in the first half of the play (the aside "How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience") is cut, which makes it even more difficult to take seriously his perfunctory reading of the remorseful soliloquy in the prayer scene. Yet, from the return of Laertes to the end of the play, Mr. Campbell seems at last to have found the role congenial; he shakes off a lethargy more suggestive of Sir Toby Belch than Claudius and starts to behave like Hamlet's "mighty opposite." Given the conception of the role which he has been asked to carry out, John Horton is excellent as the returned Laertes. As for the conception itself, that is another matter. Mr. Langham has chosen to accentuate the youth of his main characters without making enough distinction between a Renaissance "noble youth" and the equivalent of a modern teen-ager. John Gardiner's Fortinbras looks undeniably young, but why Hamlet should want him to succeed to the throne of Denmark is a mystery. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, those sinister nonentities, become a pair of cherubic adolescents at the hands of Neil Vipond and Ted Follows. Although Mr. Langham has reordered the king's scenes so that Claudius can manipulate a Laertes freshly shaken after the encounter with Hamlet over Ophelia's grave, he has also given us a Laertes who is so naive and wide-eyed, so painfully anxious to appear grown-up, that the whole reordering seems pointless, adapted to a tougher Laertes than the sort of mixed-up kid we actually see. As for Joy Lafleur's Queen, she may not be young, but she is exceptionally well preserved. It is a pity that Hamlet's remarks about her frost, tame blood, and "matron's bones" should call in question so much hard work.

The three most interesting performances are William Hutt's Polonius, Frances Hyland's Ophelia and, of course, Christopher Plummer's Hamlet. Anyone who plays Polonius has to decide what sort of balance he wants to maintain between the well-meaning, self-important busybody and the dangerous (even ruthless) intriguer and spy. A Machiavellian clown is hard enough to conceive, let alone play. Mr. Hutt has decided to clench the iron hand in the threadbare glove. Although this wiry-bearded Polonius may lose the thread of an argument, age has not relaxed his will; to Laertes he gives precepts but relies on an *agent-provocateur*; on Ophelia he starts with persuasion but ends with harsh force. His last suggestion for dealing with Hamlet ("confine him where/Your wisdom best shall think") sounded newly sinister to my ears. Mr. Hutt's interpretation, which doesn't help him to milk the part for easy laughs, is no doubt thankless; but I was thankful for it. Frances Hyland's Ophelia will raise some eyebrows, but it has been carefully thought out and skilfully performed. Shakespeare himself has taken no pains to clarify the relations of Hamlet and

Ophelia. They have two scenes together, each of them at least two removes from the play-goers. One occurs off-stage and is reported by a confused daughter to her credulous father; the other is acted on stage by two very self-conscious performers before a concealed audience whose presence they find distracting in a variety of ways. No doubt Ophelia says a great deal to the point in her mad scenes. But, as one courtier puts it,

Her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it does move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up to fit their own thoughts.

The Ophelia which Mr. Langham and Miss Hyland have created out of this material is not just Polonius' dutiful daughter, Laertes' "Rose of May," the Queen's "sweet lady" or the nymph in whose prayers of intercession Hamlet wishes to be remembered. When the naive Laertes warns her to guard her "chaste treasure," her laugh is not naive; in the "nunnery" scene she receives a good many visible attentions from Hamlet's lips and hands, whatever is said for the mere ears of Claudius and Polonius behind the arras; in this context rhetorical questions about breeding sinners seem less rhetorical, and jokes about pregnant daughters less hypothetical; shocked attendants obviously take the mad Ophelia's ballad about an undone maiden for autobiography. Miss Hyland caps it all by as impressive and subtle a performance of the mad scenes as I have ever seen. I don't know whether Shakespeare would have regarded this conception as a blessing or not (I suspect that he saw Ophelia mainly as a virgin of mercy, the lost, inadequate intercessor to Hamlet's vengeful God); but, in terms of what Shakespeare has given the actress to work with, I cannot see the result as illegitimate. The unforgivable sin in interpreting Shakespeare's open characters is to turn them into closed ones. But Miss Hyland's performance is not pedantically insistent. In fact, although the details of dialogue, costume and gesture accumulate, not every spectator is likely to add them up. After all, Hamlet has been back from Wittenberg little more than "twice two months."

Christopher Plummer begins with a Hamlet who is young, game and a bit pathetic. For the pathos he experiments with a thin, treble voice. Unfortunately he lacks any variety of cadence and that pitch and his "dying fall" becomes monotonous. But the energy and spunk are convincing where the pathos is not. Mr. Plummer is very much at home with Hamlet's high spirits and lively wit, and where Gielgud or even Olivier might give us self-torturing melancholy he gives as a kind of thwarted impatience which expresses itself in youthful antics like the mock fist-fight in "O what a rogue and peasant slave" or in uncontrollable gestures like the protracted farewells at the end of the "nunnery" scene. But the Hamlet Mr. Plummer begins with, although no doubt it cost him more effort to work out, is less satisfactory than the one he ends with. The graveyard scene is a great success on almost all counts, not least for the sturdy relaxation with which Hamlet plays straight man to Tony van Bridge's superb gravedigger or the rancorless persistence with which he explores the satire of transience. In the scenes with Lloyd Bochner's admirable Horatio this Hamlet lets his gusto and assurance keep the melancholy premonitions in their place. I wish, however, that in the shuffling about and cutting of these last scenes the over-anxious Mr. Langham had not squeezed out Hamlet's wonderful account of how, by a mixture of good fortune and brilliant improvisation, he disposed of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. We lose too much of the experiences which have led up to this last Hamlet, and we never really discover what lies behind his impersonal assurance. I missed

Hamlet's concern for justice, "perfect conscience" and "heaven ordinaunt." I suppose it is too much to expect a Canadian to be religious and high-spirited at the same time. Nevertheless, if you secularize *Hamlet* too much, you impoverish it. In his last speeches Hamlet sees himself subject to strict arrest by that "fell sergeant" death. He is silent and non-committal (at long last) about the state of his soul and the sentence he is likely to receive. Horatio then says what Hamlet has left unsaid and imagines flights of angels singing the sweet prince to his rest. In few performances can those familiar elegiac phrases have seemed more gratuitous and sentimental than at Stratford this year.

A Guide to Canadian Folksong Records

Editb Fowke

► THE GROWING INTEREST in Canadian folk songs is indicated by the large number of records that have appeared recently. When *Folk Songs of Canada* was published in 1954, I noted: "At present very few recordings of Canadian folk songs are available," and the list given then showed only three long-playing records devoted entirely to Canadian material. In the three years since, the list has multiplied almost tenfold.

This proliferation presents a new problem: some who want to sample Canadian folk music now find it hard to decide which records to buy. To help them, this "Guide" will give a few pointers on the different types of songs available, and the different ways they are interpreted.

The list at the end of this article includes most of the records of Canadian folk music that have been issued on long-playing records up to the present. They range from the polished performance of concert singers, through the simpler presentation of professional or semi-professional singers of folk songs, to the completely natural singing of traditional folksingers.

One thing that sometimes confuses the buyer is the difference between "ethnic" records and those of non-traditional singers. "Ethnic" records (marked by "E" on the list) include primitive music, like that of the Indians and Eskimos, and folk music as it was or is produced by "the folk": the people who originated it and preserved it by oral tradition. The traditional folk singers usually have had no musical training, and very often they are long past their best singing years. Their songs are usually recorded "in the field": that is, wherever they were originally sung: at an outdoor festival, in a farmhouse, or on a fishing dock; and the collectors' recording equipment often falls short of high-fidelity standards. Thus, while ethnic records are of great interest to the folklorist, musicologist, and folk-song devotee, they make less-than-fascinating listening for the person who likes folk songs only when they have been polished by such skilled interpreters as Burl Ives or Susan Reed. However, the traditional singers sing the songs as they have been handed down through many generations, and their simple direct style is often extraordinarily effective. Most record buyers would not want to start with them, but at a later stage in their collecting they may find it rewarding to dip into some of the records marked with an "E".

In the records by non-traditional singers, the interpretations vary widely. At the one end is the concert style of the trained singer who presents folk songs much as he would lieder or art songs; at the other is the unaccompanied singing of musicologists like Dr. Barbeau or Kenneth Peacock who

reproduce the songs much as they collected them from traditional singers. Most of the professional or semi-professional singers are accompanied by guitar—or, occasionally, by fiddle, piano, accordion, or even orchestra. Those who sing unaccompanied—in the manner of the traditional singer—are marked on the list with the letter "U".

If you want a cross-section of Canadian folk songs on one record, choose from the first section of the list, headed "General." These four records each give a variety of songs from different parts of the country, thus providing the best introduction to the field.

If you like your folk songs sung in concert style, the first is the one for you. It presents nineteen representative songs from the book, *Folk Songs of Canada*, sung by Toronto singers, Joyce Sullivan and Charles Jordan, accompanied by either piano or guitar, and assisted by a vocal chorus in some numbers. Included are lively songs of fishermen, voyageurs, lumberjacks, and cowboys, as well as carols, ballads, and love songs. Particularly effective are Jordan's rendition of "Brave Wolfe," and the Sullivan-Jordan duets on "The Blooming Bright Star of Belle Isle" and "The False Young Man."

"O Canada! A History in Song" is simpler in style but equally varied in the choice of songs. Here the well-known Montreal balladeer, Alan Mills (accompanied by Gilbert Lacombe on the guitar) presents a musical panorama of Canadian history. Each of the twenty-six songs is closely related to our historical development, beginning with Indian and Eskimo songs, and following through with songs of the voyageurs, fur-traders, and missionaries; then the coming of the British: the Seven Years' War, the American Revolution, the War of 1812 and Rebellion of 1837, the Fenian raids, Confederation; the exploration and settlement of the west, the Franklin expedition, the Saskatchewan rebellion, right down to the dust storms of the "dirty thirties." Teachers who are looking for a way to add color to their social studies classes should find this record useful.

The third record, one of Alan Lomax's extensive folklore series for Columbia, is the most complete of the Canadian ethnic records, and the most widely varied of all the records listed. It includes music representing the Iroquois, the Pacific Coast Indians, and the Caribou Eskimos from the west coast of Hudson Bay; the French-Canadians of Quebec and Nova Scotia; the Gaels of Cape Breton, and the English-speaking Canadians of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. Its thirty-nine selections were chosen by Dr. Barbeau from the extensive collection of the National Museum of Canada.

"I Sing of Canada" is the least important of the records in the first section. Milt Okun is a young American ballad-singer with a pleasant voice, but he is not sufficiently familiar with Canadian songs to make his interpretation noteworthy.

Among the French-Canadian records, those by Jacques Labrecque are outstanding. Mr. Labrecque is practically unique in that he possesses both an excellent and well-trained voice, and a thorough knowledge of folk songs. Few concert singers manage to catch the true spirit of the folk song, but Jacques Labrecque is so much at home with his material that he can keep the authentic French-Canadian flavor even when he is accompanied by a modern orchestra, as in his London and Pathé records. Closer to tradition is his Folkways record where he sings unaccompanied.

The two records where Helene Baillargeon and Alan Mills present French-Canadian songs in duet form make pleasant listening. In the "Duet Songs" (9) the balance of the two voices is somewhat uneven; the Acadian songs are better recorded.

In his earlier solo record (10), Alan Mills presented a good selection of the best-known French Canadian songs, both native and imported.

Unusual and thoroughly delightful are the two records of game songs and carols (11 and 12) sung by a group of French-Canadian children, pupils of Madame Jean-Louis Audet in Montreal. Sam Gesser, Folkways' Canadian representative, also produced "Songs and Dances in Quebec" which gives some reels, jigs, square-dance calls, and party songs as they're heard in French-Canadian social gatherings today.

In "Les Bords du Saint-Laurent", a popular Quebec singer, Pierrette Champoux, presents a varied group of songs in somewhat stylized arrangements, accompanied by a piano and fiddle. She sings well and the record is technically excellent, but it fails to convey much genuine folk flavor.

If you like the salty Newfoundland songs, you can take your choice from several records. The two by Omar Blondahl are perhaps most characteristic. Mr. Blondahl is a young singer from western Canada who has spent several years in St. John's, singing on a local radio station. He has made himself quite familiar with the island songs, and sings them in a lively, straightforward manner. His records contain a few items that are not folk songs, and are occasionally marred by artificial sound effects, but on the whole they make enjoyable listening. Both Blondahl's records and that of Alan Mills (17) emphasize the local Newfoundland songs: lively ditties about fishing and sailing and lumbering, rather than the old-world ballads that have been preserved on the island.

On the other hand, Kenneth Peacock gives the preference to the older British ballads he found there. Mr. Peacock, a talented young musician, spent two summers collecting Newfoundland songs for the National Museum, and in his record he sings a number of these in a good imitation of the traditional style. In addition to such imported ballads as "The Bonnie Banks of Virgie" and "Lonely Waterloo," he presents some little-known Newfoundland creations like "The Loss of the Eliza," "The Green Shores of Fogo," and, in a lighter vein, "Brown Flour," and "Drill, Ye Heroes, Drill"—this last an island variation of the American "Drill Ye Tarriers, Drill."

Ed McCurdy, who became thoroughly familiar with Canadian folk songs when he was singing over the CBC, presents some of his favorites in the Whitehall record (19). Most of the Newfoundland songs are now fairly well known, but he includes several little-known Nova Scotia songs, notably "The Soldier Boy at Waterloo" and "The Ocean Queen." The guitar and accordion accompaniments are effective, but technically this Whitehall record is the poorest on the list.

The best of the Nova Scotia records are two based on the collection of the renowned folklorist, Dr. Helen Creighton, who has been collecting folk music and tales in her native province for nearly thirty years. In the Rodeo record (20), the songs Miss Creighton found are interpreted by a young Maritime singer, Diane Oxner, with piano or guitar accompaniment. Miss Oxner sings simply and well, and is at her best in the light-hearted local ditties, "The Chezzetcook Song" and "The Sauerkraut Song."

The record drawn directly from Helen Creighton's tape collection (22) is less polished but considerably more varied. It shows why Nova Scotia is a collectors' paradise, with Gaelic songs from Cape Breton, Acadian songs from Pubnico, songs of the Micmac Indians and descendants of Negro slaves, sea shanties from Liverpool and Lunenburg, old British ballads and fiddle tunes from Devil's Island, and many other unusual items.

The other two Nova Scotia records (23 and 24), made by the American collectors, Sidney Robertson Cowell and Diane Hamilton, concentrate on one area: Gaelic Cape Breton. Both lean heavily to milling songs, and include several piping tunes. The Elektra record also gives samples of mouth music, square dance tunes, and psalms "lined out" in an ancient Gaelic style.

Even if you have no interest in Indian music you might enjoy the Barbeau record "My Life in Recording Canadian-Indian Folklore." Dr. Barbeau is not only Canada's leading folklorist and an internationally famous musico-ethnologist, he is also an unusual and charming person, and to listen to him telling how he collected Indian songs, and singing them himself, is a unique experience.

Unless you are interested in anthropology or musicology, you probably will not find much to enjoy in the two records of authentic Eskimo and Indian music (25 and 26). However, the booklet accompanying each of these gives enough information for the amateur to realize why these apparently dissonant and monotonous chants are worth studying, and a few bands, like the games of the Eskimo children and the hunter's bird and animal imitations, are fascinating even to the amateur.

Wade Hemsworth, who comes from Ontario and now lives in Montreal, is half way between a traditional and a modern folksinger. He learned many songs from oral tradition, particularly when he was working with surveying parties in northern Ontario and Quebec, but his singing style and guitar accompaniments are quite individual. His record (27) includes a couple of French-Canadian paddling songs, some lumberjack ballads and songs of Irish origin, and two folk-style songs that he composed himself. One of these "The Little Black Flies," has been taken up by other singers and become fairly widely known.

The last item on the list is an example of European folk music preserved in Canada. Laura Boulton recorded the Christmas songs among Ukrainians who have lived in western Canada for about half a century, but still observe Christmas in every detail as in the old days in the Ukraine.

And that's the line-up of Canadian folk-song records to the present. Good listening!

RECORD LIST

General

1. FOLK SONGS OF CANADA: Joyce Sullivan and Charles Jordan. Hallmark CS 3.
2. O CANADA! A HISTORY IN SONG: Alan Mills. Folkways FP 3001.
3. THE COLUMBIA WORLD LIBRARY OF FOLK AND PRIMITIVE MUSIC, VOL. VIII: CANADA. Edited by Dr. Marius Barbeau. Columbia SL 211. (E)
4. I SING OF CANADA: Milt Okun. Stinson SLP 71.

French-Canadian

5. CHANSONS POPULAIRES DU CANADA: Jacques Labrecque. London LB 957.
6. LE CANADA CHANTE POUR VOUS: Jacques Labrecque. Pathé AT 1029.
7. JACQUES LABRECQUE IN SONGS OF FRENCH CANADA. Folkways FG 3510. (U)
8. FOLK SONGS OF CANADA: Helene Baillargeon and Alan Mills. Folkways FP 923.
9. DUET SONGS OF FRENCH CANADA: Helene Baillargeon and Alan Mills. Folkways FP 918.
10. FRENCH-CANADIAN FOLK SONGS: Alan Mills. Folkways FP 29.
11. CHILDREN'S GAME SONGS OF FRENCH CANADA. Recorded by Sam Gesser. Folkways FP 715. (U)
12. CHRISTMAS CAROLS OF FRENCH CANADA: Helene Baillargeon with Children's Chorus. Folkways FW 829.
13. SONGS AND DANCES OF QUEBEC. Recorded by Sam Gesser. Folkways FW 951.
14. LES BORDS DU SAINT-LAURENT: Pierrette Champoux. Esoteric 536.

Newfoundland and Nova Scotia

15. THE SAGA OF NEWFOUNDLAND IN SONG: Omar Blondahl. Rodeo RLP 5.
16. DOWN TO THE SEA AGAIN: Omar Blondahl. Rodeo RLP 7.
17. FOLK SONGS OF NEWFOUNDLAND: Alan Mills. Folkways FP 831.
18. SONGS AND BALLADS OF NEWFOUNDLAND: Kenneth Peacock. Folkways FG 3505. (U)
19. FOLK SONGS OF THE CANADIAN MARITIMES AND NEWFOUNDLAND: Ed McCurdy. Whitehall LP 850.
20. TRADITIONAL FOLK SONGS OF NOVA SCOTIA: Diane Oxner. Rodeo RLP 6.
21. FOLK MUSIC FROM NOVA SCOTIA. Recorded by Dr. Helen Creighton. Folkways P 1006. (E)
22. SONGS FROM CAPE BRETON ISLAND. Recorded by Sidney Robertson Cowell. Folkways P 450. (E)
23. NOVA SCOTIA FOLK MUSIC FROM CAPE BRETON. Recorded by Diane Hamilton. Elektra EKL 23. (E)

Indian and Other

24. MY LIFE IN RECORDING CANADIAN INDIAN FOLKLORE. Dr. Marius Barbeau. Folkways FG 3502. (U)
25. ESKIMO MUSIC OF ALASKA AND THE HUDSON BAY. Recorded by Laura Boulton. Folkways P 444. (E)
26. INDIAN MUSIC OF THE CANADIAN PLAINS. Recorded by Kenneth Peacock. Folkways P 464. (E)
27. CANADIAN NORTHWOODS: Wade Hemsworth. Folkways FP 821.
28. UKRAINIAN CHRISTMAS SONGS. Recorded in Canada by Laura Boulton. Folkways FP 828. (E)

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158 CARLETON ROAD

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Travellers' Tale

The morning was indifferent, silent;
not worded anywhere with birds to cry and sing
surprise, spring, to all the un-spring
between-season cold country stating only
flat and white, "Too late—too soon—"
Wheels gobbled southward road, but we were grounded
in gritty ebb of our own seasons;
staring for swirls of swallows to shake fences,
but nothing moved or thrummed on tight chilled wires
blinding unmoved fields from as-cold highway
long set in its own way.
White went on; we begged even
for black and white magpie startle
(though far north of its reasonable course)
dismissed as dream hope of ducks' coloured coming.
iridescence rimming, warming, trembling
the round, rigid-iced pond.
Then amazement! Far more, far infinitely than asked for—
suddenly a legend, live in flesh and feather!
Luminous arch over road ahead, soaring upward
incredible snow geese, exquisite rocket!
Living white, light's whiteness,
summing, outshining rainbow,
curve of birds irradiates
cloud white, earth white,
lifts sun leaping from hill,
flashing, mirroring quicksilver.
From the rapt singing of the wings
sun, swelling, pours down the thickening trees
streams, floods of warmth and joy
annulling latitude, calendar, flushing out
winter's last drab dreg; through white-cleft-white revealing
raised in love the violet head of the first flower.

Anne Marriott.

Italian Interlude

Early summer and beginning lights
Have always brought you to mind for me,
Since meridian bleached Umbria into vibrant complete ease
And the unquiet commemorating swallows, with ragged wings
Traced skyward a trajectory of things
Beyond flowers the frost has set alight.
The calendar foretold no wound. Night
Sifted like ash through the orchards
Bright flies charred from decomposing branches. We sat
where
Leaves harden under artificial light, near music among tables
Thrilling it seemed, with a light within
And wings, and the fuze of a flower mine.
A train fumed. A lifetime of blind dawns
Folds its hands as the level rains
Level the gardens, and extinguished flies fall apart with
our staining dreams.
Yet the stellar bright of you had set on the automatic temper
Of my removed but working heart—beaten as
I breathe, the impression of a flower.

Kenneth McRobbie.

The Mantle

A moth wing breaks the mantle of the mood.
The fiery breath streams out upon the air,
An indiscriminate beatitude
Too hard to bear.
The scorching tongue let loose imperils flight,
A joy destructive as a grief or rage
Lacking the gauze that tempers heat to light
with a cage.

J. Phoenixe.

Testament

Happier now with thick waist and wings severed from heels,
Having gulped gallons of beer, drunk barrels of wine,
Told enough truth to be damned in the de luxe hell,
(With God on the party line with Plato and Kant)
Come close enough to aberrant things to see the earth,
And loved enough women to be able to see the stars.

The hounds are on my scent now. I hear a snuffling
Behind my face, a whispering about unnameable horror.
I'll be afraid if they wish but I'll get over it,
And throw a bone to the one with the waggly tail.
(Down Cerberus, down boy! I'll find you a nice female dog
If you promise to blow your nose when you have a cold.)

I have followed ideas through the rathole of events,
And slim girls became ugly ducklings
In a way not mentioned in the stories.
Jack and Jill stumbled on a theological stone
(Which is God in disguise). Jack was fifty years old,
And grinning when he sighted down the gun barrel of
remaining time.

Alfred W. Purdy.

Wash Day Helper

I am morning indentured to blue panties,
Gainsaid by sheer nightgowns and black lace
Negligees, tempted by nylon brassieres.
I shall hire an airplane and sail the sky,
Trailing my coloured caravan like milk
In the mouth of a cat with a pink tongue.

When wind comes I conduct my orchestra.
I am Paganini and Cagliostro's valet,
(Look, no hands!) doing tricks with time.
I execute intricate musical scansion
With empty pyjamas, inhabit a dozen dresses
With concubines and pinch their napes with clothes pins.

The million words in my mouth are like French pastry
When Eurithe comes, and not to be said or eaten.
She looks in my mind with her famous eyes:
I am slack-jawed buffoon, a dog's faux pas,
Knowing I am ridiculous and growing old
On both sides of my face. I say something
To that effect and she agrees (the bitch).
But nobody knows I'm old when I sing,
A cheerful idiot with a soda water heart
And a talent for exaggeration.

Alfred W. Purdy.

Vestigia

Soon the goddess will be swallowed in flesh,
divinity obscured by accretion of tissue,
like dust on a centuries old idol;
slim Ariadne under the multiple petticoats,
crying bitterly over her lost childhood;
that certain stasis against uncertain trembling,
into something unforeseen, uncomprehended. . .

The fixed value, temporarily certain,
I mourn, tracing under the needless clothing
a supplanted nereid with flabby arms:
a likely hausfrau or grumbling madam,
soiled experience but no new wisdom. . .
I mourn this veritable truth, this beauty,
which is never seen but only remembered.

Alfred W. Purdy.

Radio and Television

► LAST SUNDAY my husband was clipping a foot or so from the top of our twelve-foot hedge. After a time he called down from the ladder that no fair assessment of his hedge-clipping could be made without viewing the result from above. This set me to wondering what life would be like if we could all live suspended horizontally from the telephone wires in the manner of human mobiles. Our point of view, if only in the physical sense, would certainly be different, and as my husband suggested, more positive.

I imagined myself for a moment as floating above the newly clipped hedge. This enabled me to soar above my usual earthbound position and to pay attention to the motto, *Be Constructive*, which my critic's superego was flashing off and on in the sky. This seemed like a good time to dig up the half-formulated resentments and diffuse irritation with television drama which had gradually become interred during the long winter months.

Were I not a lover of the television medium my complaints would not be so constant. The truth is that over the past year I have been transformed from the type who is irresistibly captured by the set to the type who can hardly bring himself to sit through yet another half hour play.

I can't believe I am the only one in this fickle state of flux. I have asked myself whether it is not with television as with other love matters, simply a question of propinquity. In common with many of our friends, our set was moved out of the living room into the limbo of finished basement some time ago. But the heart grew no fonder, so for the past month I have been experimenting. I moved the set back into the living room. Yet, in spite of propinquity, the old magic just can't be recaptured.

Distance from source then, is not the answer. What about time? I don't mean my own time, but the way television uses time. The greatest proportion of plays are now half hour productions. This means that not only is factual information digested and served in capsulated form—as in the magazine digests—but emotional experience, and the play, which is a vehicle for life itself, is served up in the same encapsulated way.

People who live in the big cities are sufficiently harassed by time problems during the working day. Few of them want to feel similar pressures of time during their relaxation. It is perhaps an unfortunate fact, of which psychologists and philosophers have long been aware, that emotional experience needs time during which to become actualized. This is true even of emotion which has been filtered through the lives of others, as in the drama.

I don't know if the C.B.C. can do anything about this cutting up and condensing of time. They can, however, do something about place. After all the talk about the inherent characteristics of the television medium as compared with the book, the movie, the radio, why do producers still insist on producing television plays as if they were working in a live theatre?

The urgent need for television drama now is to *get out of the studio*. This may put a few set designers out of work, but how rewarding to the viewer's eye if the company were to go on location, and instead of photographing a fake tree with dead inert leaves, or a garden with artificial flowers, or an imitation wall painted over to look like brick, they were to photograph real trees with the wind going through the leaves, and real flowers, and real bricks? The success of documentaries is a demonstration of the value of photographing real places, and also a proof that clothes are more convincing than costumes.

Arthur Hailey's *Flight into Danger* owed much of its success to the many shifts of the camera from air to ground, from engine room to passenger section. For it is no longer enough to have live actors. The background too must live and be brought in as an ever-extending dimension. Otherwise the viewer becomes completely dependent on the quality of the actors, producers, and script-writers.

That this cannot always be high is a truism. But I had never fully realized how low the quality frequently is, until, on a recent vacation, I saw a mediocre play performed into a completely enjoyable experience. The play was *The Man in the Dog Suit*, a trifle by any standard, and the actors who transformed it, Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn. Even on the summer circuit, playing to a bunch of people with faces like boiled lobsters, these two artists made it clear that they cared about their performances to a degree where they could not help but invest them with the passion—in this case comic passion—that the artist of any species always possesses.

For this reason, my backward looks over plays I have seen on television make me blame the actors more than I ever did before. A while back there was a play by Mordecai Richler about the moral and ethical problems confronting a group of republicans during the Spanish civil war. It was played as if it were a parody, and if Sid Caesar, instead of Patrick MacNee, had played the lead, it would have had everyone in stitches.

Early this summer, on *Dorchester Theatre*, M. Charles Cohen had a play about the mean passions which are let loose in a jammed elevator. The play was poor enough in itself, with a superficial treatment of a number of serious problems, but the actors managed to make a parody out of this too, putting in weighty pauses where the content was, to quote Donne, a quintessence even from nothingness. (Shades of Stanislavsky, where is new gesture, where is invented facial plane?)

The prize for parody, however, goes to Sylvia Lennick and most of the others who acted with her in *Sidewalk Cafe* (Mac Shoub's adaptation of Ben Lapin's story for *On Camera*, August 12). She was the same eternal *Yiddische mama* here as she was about three years ago as the dentist's wife in an early television version of one of Clifford Odets' plays. Does being a warm, simple, Jewish mother automatically require an actress to keep repeating, "So go already, go." Actors shouldn't play types, they should play individuals. And this play wasn't helped any either by the script writer's trick device (borrowed from the master, Paddy Chayefsky) of repeating what was supposed to be a very effective line no less than three times in as many minutes. The immigrant father is scolding his young son for spilling the wrong beans to the police, and what he keeps exploding with is: "You . . . short-stop, you!" Can anyone blame me if I am beginning to lose my ideals?

Undoubtedly there are a great many problems such as the costliness of getting out of the studio, and the lack of a large enough actors' pool, and maybe even the lack of good actors. I have a feeling, though, that producers tend to get into a rut, and to rely on the same group of actors, just shuffling them around from time to time. This has its evils too, as it tends to confuse the audience and makes them feel that they have been here before. I just can't believe that acting is no longer the glamorous and arduous undertaking it used to be.

I admit I don't have the answers to these questions about time, location, or talent. I take refuge in the fact that it is not the critic's job to supply answers. His function is only to make the questions more agonizing.

MIRIAM WADDINGTON

Film Review

►“MOVIES ARE BETTER and better”—or so the studios say. They have sold themselves the idea and a considerable portion of the public who dote on Rogers and Hammerstein and Walt Disney parrot the phrase. Yet experience over the past few months confirms a growing suspicion that movies are becoming drearier and drearier. Most of the current films have some merit and a high professional finish but none has enough theatrical magic to keep an audience on the edge of its seat for two hours. The wearied customer hails the occasional vivacious moment with a joy out of all proportion to the overall standard of merit. In short, boredom—stupefying, excruciating, and overwhelming—lies in wait for the eager patron with his ticket clutched in his hot little hand.

Boy on a Dolphin, a full-colour pseudo-thriller, was the most torturing example this summer. Sophia Loren sulphuring in the pellucid atmosphere of the Isles of Greece is a vision that the world cannot afford to miss,—this latter-day Venus emerges glistening from the sea with the fumes of Mount Etna still curling around her. But any admirers will be stunned by the company she keeps; the original “incredible shrinking man”, Alan Ladd, and that perennial prune-sucker, Clifton Webb. The trite plot concerns rivalry between do-good archaeologist and sour art collector for priceless object in sea whose whereabouts is known only to wavering peasant maiden. The film has two paralyzing moments: Alan Ladd poring over the ancient volumes of Mount Athos with a look meant to convey intelligence, and Sophia replying to a query about what she wants, “. . . for me plenty of money is enough.”

Hopeful comparisons of Loren to Garbo have some basis in Sophia's peculiarly commanding screen presence and the variable, suggestive and photogenic qualities of her features. Her speech is almost unintelligible but she sings and dances with grace and she displays a natural dignity combined with a tempered earthiness that sets her apart from other physically attractive actresses. Her lush Latin appearance is striking against the white marble economy of the Parthenon—rather like the effect of Hortense Mancini at Whitehall.

Although Miss Loren and the tourist allures of Greece are sound attractions, it is an insult to taste and intelligence to subordinate them in order to manufacture a star vehicle for Alan Ladd. He wanders through every scene like the ghost of Christmas Past, and a papier maché one at that. Presumably his woodenness and sagging bland looks appeal to ten-year-old boys, but most young boys would have to be straight-jacketed to remain through any of his recent films.

Many other much-publicized movies promise much but bore right to the bone of the thin-skinned patron. Stars with tremendous charm are miscast in thin vehicles which give them no opportunity to hypnotize. Stories are cast in a form which could only sustain an anecdote and then embroidered to epic length. *Island in the Sun*, *Love in the Afternoon*, *The Prince and the Showgirl* offer some value—scenery, photography, incidental quirk of behaviour, or miniscule gem of acting—but they never catch fire. The last of this trio has the most consistent glitter: the combination of the calculated poise of Olivier and the candid innocent commonness of Marilyn Monroe is very engaging.

Not so the inept performance of Frank Sinatra in *The Pride and the Passion* which places a sometimes magnificent film in the same class. Despite a stab at an all-purpose accent, he fails to suggest the inspired illiterate leader filled with the Spanish pride which values honor at the cost of death. He is so unmoved by a misdirected and badly-photographed Sophia Loren that her emotional conflict is

pointless. Everything Cary Grant does is splendid but he can never overcome director Stanley Kramer's failure to establish his three principals at the beginning. Kramer also over-exposes them,—placing the trio in the foreground of every shot is beginner's stuff. The same short-sighted thinking keeps Miss Loren in a low-cut blouse for 1100 miles across Spain, such grandiose charms should be revealed more rarely with more art.

Along with the mass of pretentious dullies there is a persistent trickle of earnestly grotesque melodramas such as *Sweet Smell of Success*, *Something of Value*, and *A Face in the Crowd*. For all their valuable contemporary subject matter, they are really bloated exercises in one-dimensional journalism and sensationalism for its own sake.

Elia Kazan's *A Face in the Crowd* is the most original. It is one of those exasperating things, an uneven mish-mash of brilliance and cheap tawdriness. Budd Schulberg should publicly have his buttons sheared off and his epaulettes flung into the hot sand for his bad, bad script. Andy Griffith's head-spinning homespun vulgarity contrasted with Kazan's penchant for deep-think sexual symbols gives the film a texture out of the ordinary. It also takes a running jump at that supremely difficult thing—the development of character in depth. But this director's self-discipline, small at any time, breaks down so completely that he is unable to end the picture without displaying half a dozen after-thoughts, depicted in the most puerile terms.

Fuzzy, glimmering darkness does not improve any of these black-and-white movies. *Something of Value* must be the blackest film in fifty years. Haggard, squinting people stumble from it crying like Kipling's hero for the light that failed.

JOAN FOX.

Correspondence

(The following letter, received by F. R. C. Bagley, is published with General Glubb's permission.)

Dear Mr. Bagley,

Thank you very much indeed for sending me a copy of *Canadian Forum* containing your article on Jordan. I think your article is very accurate and objective. May I draw your attention, however, to three small points?

1) On column two, line 27, you say “He kept the bulk of the army on the east bank.” This is not strictly accurate. Roughly speaking, half the army was on the east bank, and half on the west. One of the major difficulties we had to contend with was the complete ignorance of Arab politicians and of public opinion on military subjects. They do not believe that any form of training is necessary for an army! and consequently, their idea was that the whole army should always be deployed in the front line indefinitely. Except to some extent where there are European military training missions, no Arab army does any serious training. The Arab Legion on the other hand was trained to the same standards as the British army. But this performance went completely unrecognized amongst civilian people and the politicians.

2) A few lines below, you say “There was a universal demand for expansion of the National Guard.” Curiously enough, it was I and the British officers who invented the National Guard against local opposition. When it proved to be a great success, however, the Nationalists took it up in the hope to be able to use it to further their political ends. It underwent rapid expansion, and in a few years would have become an important military factor. It also existed on the East bank, where many battalions were formed. The

extremist politicians, however, possibly did not wish it to be an efficient military force. They would have preferred to see weapons issued to large numbers of undisciplined civilians upon whom they could have worked to create civil disturbances. A curious factor, which still exists, is that although Jordan has for years been in danger of military attack by Israel, the extremist Jordanian politicians were far more interested in internal politics than any external threat to their country. They were therefore not grateful to us for producing an efficient army which did not interest them, but they were resentful of the fact that we kept the army free of politics whereas they wished to use it for internal political purposes.

3) 20 lines from the bottom of the same column, you say "A split among the officers apparently developed, and probably in the hope of reuniting the army rather than for personal reasons King Hussein dismissed Glubb."

I do not think that this is correct. It is true that King Hussein had six young officers who were his personal friends and advised him to get rid of me. There were ten young officers who had personal files because they were engaged in politics—the King's six being part of the ten—but there were at the time 1,500 officers in the Arab Legion. The ten officers concerned were all Captains or Subalterns except Ali Abu Nuwar, who was a young Major. I think that the real fact was that King Hussein himself was won over by extremist and Nationalist enthusiasm. If he had not been so, the ten officers mentioned would have been of no significance. But even King Hussein was not entirely extremist. On the contrary, he had a new opinion every day, according to the last man he had been talking to. I do not think that this was due to weakness of character, but to lack of experience which made it impossible for him to differentiate between who was loyal and who was not. After a year of experience since I left, he has apparently realised that the extremists were merely using him as a tool, to weaken the country, with a view ultimately to getting rid of him also.

The ten officers referred to above are now all in prison at the orders of the King himself, and officers formerly considered to be pro-British now occupy all the key jobs. In reality, of course, they were originally not so much pro-British as keen soldiers rather than politicians.

It is interesting to note that when the recent crisis took place, the original ten officers who had been in the key posts, for a year, had only converted 60 other officers. A remarkably small figure if we remember that there were 1,500 officers in the army.

My new book, which deals with all these subjects, will, I hope, be published in England in September.

Thank you very much again for sending me your article.

Lieutenant General Sir John Glubb, K.C.B., C.M.G.,
D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C.

West Wood St. Dunstan, Mayfield, Sussex, England.

The Editor: Had Mr. Angus not mentioned *The Breakdown of Nations* by name, I would never have guessed that it was my book that he was reviewing. I hardly recognized a thing. There was not a hint of its interpretation of history, not an idea of its analysis, not a trace of its argument. His conclusion was that there is nothing to the book except a few maps.

Mr. Angus is undoubtedly right though quite a few indiscriminating journals and papers in Canada, America, and England were induced by me during the past few years to publish a great many special applications of the general theory developed in my book. Amongst these were: *Saturday Night*, *Business Quarterly* (current issue), *Queen's Quarterly*

(current issue), *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, *New Leader*, *Commonweal*, *Catholic World*, *The Economic Journal* (Oxford, current issue), *American Journal of Economics and Sociology*, *Financial and Commercial Chronicle*, *American City* (forthcoming issue), *The Times Educational Supplement* (London, forthcoming issue), *The Listener*, etc.

For someone who, according to Mr. Angus, has nothing worth while to say, I have really fooled quite a few people, including the editors of the *Canadian Forum* (February 1955) who published an aspect of my theory in an analysis of the Saar problem.

Leopold Kohr, Associate Professor of Economics,
University of Puerto Rico

The Editor: In his review of *The Improved Binoculars*, which was as good as ineradicable obtuseness and parochialism would allow, Mr. Kildare Dobbs nevertheless makes several assertions which are both misleading and fatuous. Commenting on my supposed bawdiness he writes, "... it isn't the sweet-singing natural bawdiness of popular ballads, but a rather forced, almost smug, salaciousness that owes a good deal (as Mr. Layton generously acknowledges) to D. H. Lawrence." Now Mr. Dobbs is a reader for a reputable publishing firm, and he has written items here and there which, while they did not overtax at least one reader by their substance or originality, were at any rate intelligible. From all that I must infer he knows what he is trying to say when he puts words down on paper. But does he know what he is talking about? Does he really mean it when he tells us Lawrence was "smug" about sex? "Salacious?" *Lawrence!*

Yet perhaps Mr. Dobbs knows how to write intelligible prose and is one of those notorious Johnnies we've heard much about lately who do not know how to read. I am all the more ready to think this must be the case when he has me acknowledging "generously," (mind you) Lawrence's baleful influence on me of smugness and salacity in matters of sex. Prithee, sweet Dobbs, where? The sentence in the book jacket reads quite plainly: "I worship D. H. Lawrence." The excitability of Mr. Dobbs in the cause of genuine poetry (preferably of the riddle-griddle variety with the scent of laundered petticoat thrown in) has rightly endeared him to a host of readers. But now that time has elapsed and his ardour somewhat lessened, surely he will concede it is possible to revere Lawrence for a multitude of reasons quite unconnected with his sex philosophy or his war against anglosaxon puritanism and dirtmindedness — these, according to my theory, the result of improper toilet training. I revere Lawrence because he was a good fighter, and because he fought for things I fight for and every artist fights for. He loved life and he fought for it. And he hated with a deadly, passionate, all-consuming hate the sterile ones: those Bloomsburyans who out of envy or embarrassment wish to eliminate the vital and creative, the living reproach to their own unproductive selves. He called them contemptuously "ball-less" and "Willie Wetlegs." My term for them is simply "castratos."

And will someone tell me, please, what I must do to halt Canadian reviewers from assuming it must always be some Englishman or American who has influenced my ways of thinking? Is this an outcropping, as ugly as it is stubborn, of our national inferiority complex? The itch to appear well-informed? Or is it perhaps our intellectuals' bi-weekly alternative to Scrabble? The psychic projection of their own imitativeness and unoriginality? But if they insist upon playing sleuthy-sleuthy, why in the name of chance don't they get it right for once? Or do I have to crack Mr. Dobbs' well-lined skull with the Song of Songs, and Mr. Duncan's also, before I get them to see the origin of my joyful sen-

suavity: "bawdiness" to the crippled anglosaxon or angloirish mind. Unless such reviewers become more generally acquainted with Hebrew, Yiddish, and Slavic literatures they will always seem pathetic parochial jackasses or cultural imperialists. Even Dr. Northrop Frye, a truly great and creative mind — I ask his pardon for naming him among pygmies — attributes my sacramental view of nature and sex to . . . yup, you guessed it . . . D. H. Lawrence. But, really, does a Hebrew need to go to anyone for that? I always thought they were the boys who first dreamed up that notion.

And finally: Mr. Dobbs calls my poem, "The Longest Journey", undistinguished. I do not curse my unfortunately handicapped reviewers. To the contrary, I always bless them: may Mr. Dobbs live long enough to write one half as good.

Irving Layton.

Books Reviewed

LETTERS

THE LETTERS OF EDWARD WILLIAM THOMSON TO ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN (1891-97): edited by Arthur S. Bourinot, 158 Carleton Rd., Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa; pp. 49; \$2.50.

This booklet is a companion to the same editor's *Letters of Archibald Lampman to E. W. Thomson* (1956), and is in some respects an even more valuable project. Most of the more interesting Lampman letters had found their way into print in one or other of the books and articles about the poet, but these Thomson letters are, to the best of my knowledge, here printed for the first time.

Their chief interest is the light they shed upon their recipient rather than upon their sender. Although one or two of Thomson's short stories, as published in *Old Man Savarin*, are likely to be kept alive in our anthologies, it does not seem probable that he will ever be regarded as anything more than a good Canadian journalist. Lampman's reputation, however, is likely to increase with the passage of time, as more incisive criticism reveals the genuine power of his imaginative vision. Moreover, it is on the subject of Lampman rather than on Thomson that a fascinating biography might some day be produced.

The most obviously puzzling questions about Lampman's life are the nature of his relationship to Ottawa and the source of the melancholy which so darkened the last years of his life. The evidence of these Thomson letters on both questions is far from inclusive, but it does constitute a few more pieces of the jigsaw which will ultimately be assembled. My own belief is that Lampman was not the victim of the so-called intellectual sterility of Ottawa, and that his melancholia had its origin in his childhood illnesses and was chiefly exacerbated by his failure to find a publisher for his book of verse and to achieve the Civil Service promotion that he felt he deserved.

The notion that Lampman would have been a better poet had he lived in New York, Paris or London is to my mind an utterly pernicious one, but it has been frequently voiced by his posthumous critics. It is interesting, then, to discover that Thomson was urging this very view upon Lampman himself during his lifetime. In letter after letter Thomson refers to Lampman's being "paralyzed . . . by the infernal dull routine of the civil service" and urges him to "come to Boston to try your fortune." Thomson even goes so far eventually as to write, "You should have been born an American, or an Englishman." It is equally interesting to discover that Thomson tried to secure Lampman's promotion in the Service, even writing to the then Prime Minister, Sir John Thompson, on his behalf. All this tends to confirm my view that it was not the belief that Ottawa was an intellectual backwater which troubled Lampman, but the feeling that he

was permanently assigned to the drudgery of a second class clerkship. In view of his friend Duncan Campbell Scott's rapid promotion in the Department of Indian Affairs, this failure to progress must have been especially galling.

In this respect Thomson's influence on Lampman was a bad one. A tendency to whine was Lampman's worst fault, and Thomson was unwise to encourage it. In most purely literary respects, however, Thomson's influence was salutary. I say most rather than all, because Thomson did advise Lampman to write narrative poems rather than nature pieces to please the public, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the time Lampman devoted to narrative poetry was the sheer waste of a fine talent. But Thomson encouraged Lampman to try his hand at the prose *causerie*, and thus provided the stimulus for the interesting *Globe* series, "At the Mermaid Inn"; he was almost always right in his choice of Lampman's best — and worst — poems; and his analysis of the flaws in the first version of "Peccavi Domine" was exactly the kind of detailed criticism that Lampman needed.

Indeed, the most revealing light which this booklet sheds upon Thomson is upon his hitherto unsuspected power as a critic. The letter of June 3, 1893, in which Thomson sums up his impressions of the leading contemporary Canadian poets, is a series of shrewd judgments, with some of which posterity has yet to catch up.

I have paid my tribute before to Mr. Bourinot's amateur but none the less valuable contribution to our knowledge of Canadian literary history. To criticize his booklets adversely is to come close to kicking a gift horse in the teeth. Rather guilty, then, I point out that the notes are often ambiguous and fragmentary, that the bibliography is incomplete and most haphazardly arranged, and that the appendices are dropped on the page without adequate explanation or introduction. But the merits of the booklet outweighs its defects, and I hope that Mr. Bourinot will continue his efforts, bringing us next an edition of the letters of Duncan Campbell Scott and eventually the full-dress biography of that poet which is so badly needed. As a close friend of Scott's, Mr. Bourinot is well-suited for such a task.

Desmond Pacey.

MEMORIES OF A CATHOLIC GIRLHOOD: Mary McCarthy; Longmans, Green; \$4.50.

Mary McCarthy, called by a "Time" reviewer, "quite possibly the cleverest writer the U.S. has ever produced," has exploited in these autobiographical sketches the natural interest of her public in her forebears and early experience. Some may think she has made too much capital of a personal history in which she is absorbed, but which, divested of her own rather *prima donna* approach to the events, might seem extraordinary in only three respects. Her parents both died in the nineteen-eighteen flu epidemic, when she was six and her three brothers younger; her grandparents were disparate in religious background, her father's parents rigidly Catholic, her mother's father Presbyterian and her mother's mother, rather unexpectedly, Jewish; and the adult Mary McCarthy looks back beyond Vassar to a convent and Catholic school education.

The events of the five years following the death of her parents, practically abandoned as the children were by both sets of grandparents and consigned to the cruel care of a great aunt are incredible enough. But the reconstruction of childhood and the recollections of the only adult world the children knew are somewhat marred by writing below the standard of which she is capable. An odd feature of the design of the book is the revision, of all but the last sketch of details corrected by, in some cases, the horrified family readers, thus unhappily, they must have felt, exposed to the reading public eye. For the reader, these post-episode re-

flections interrupt the flow of the narrative, correcting the "screen memories" with racy and often amusing afterthoughts, but creating a structural hodge-podge. Indeed, a question which might be asked of both the writer and the publisher is whether this is a book or not. Reprints of *New Yorker* and *Harper's Bazaar* material, it seems, have been thrown together without the necessary recasting a writer like Miss McCarthy owes her readers. A further complaint is the setting of the postscripts in an incredible italic where the "I" as well as the punctuation virtually disappears.

All the same, the book makes good reading. It is impossible for Mary McCarthy to be really dull. Her wit is caustic and her reflections biting. "For my grandmother, [her Catholic grandmother] the recollection of the dead [her parents] became a mode of civility that she thought proper to exercise toward us whenever, for any reason, one of us came to stay at her house." It is in the convent sketch, however, that her writing is released from the bondage of anecdote into the freedom of style operating on a subject of importance, perceptively, sensitively, appreciatively, if critically considered. "And, thanks to the standardization of an archaic rule, the past still vibrated in the convent, a high, sweet note. It was the France of the Restoration that was embalmed in the Sacred Heart atmosphere, like a period room in a museum with a silken cord drawn across it. The quarrels of the *philosophes* still echoed in the classrooms; the tumbrils had just ceased to crack, and Voltaire grinned in the background. Orthodoxy had been re-established, Louis XVIII ruled, but there was a hint of Orleanism in the air and whisper of reduced circumstances in the pick-pick of our needles doing fine darning and turning buttonholes."

Catholicism seen through the eyes of Miss McCarthy is a religion of extreme contrasts, both intellectual and moral. Her Catholic girlhood, bizarre as much of it seems, stirred the imagination of this unusual girl, gave her the makings of a classical education, somewhat slanted perhaps in intent, but undoubtedly contributing to the individuality of her genius. What the Jewish grandmother had to do with it is best left to the author's telling, one of the cleverest things in the book. Miss McCarthy's mind is a surgical instrument operating pretty ruthlessly on individuals in the society she knows. There is some evidence of an unresolved hostility even to her readers.

Jessie Macpherson.

THE ANATOMY LESSON: Evan S. Connell, Jr.; Macmillan; pp. 214; \$3.75.

There is evidence here of both the wound and the bow as Mr. Edmund Wilson's analogy would have it. The genius of the artist and a certain neurotic inability to come to terms with life are both evident in this very fine collection of short stories by a young American writer. If you are sated with what we might call the surface tension of the *New Yorker* variety of short story here you will find Mr. Connell dealing with some of the same American prototypes but in the round as it were.

In the masterly sketch with which this collection opens an old teacher of art in an eastern college tells his class "A good artist could draw in three dimensions, a master could draw in four". In the ten stories and sketches which follow this writer shows himself to be a master in his own medium. His work has the depth which so many slick skilful examples of his form lack.

There are many types of people dealt with, the very rich, the very poor, the Tennessee hill-billies and the off-beat characters such as the old bohemian in the eerie sketch called "The Trellis." He is tender with the young and unfortunate but by no means blind. His quarrel is with stupid callousness, smugness and dominating self-righteousness,

and he battles adroitly with the lesser evils such as the puritanical simper ("The Anatomy Lesson") and the bourgeois anger with the non-conformist ("The Walls of Avila"). Probably the least successful story is called ("Arcturus"), in which the writer attempts to interweave the adult world and that of the child, a feat few writers other than Mansfield have ever accomplished successfully.

"The Yellow Raft" with which the collection closes is an unforgettable reconstruction of the horror and loneliness of death in modern warfare. It has only one character, yet in six pages carries an impact that is lacking in many a meandering war novel.

To the short story addict who is always in quest of the superior example we warmly recommend the work of Mr. Connell whose first collection this is.

H. T. K.

FAR, FAR THE MOUNTAIN PEAK: John Masters; Macmillan; pp. 470; \$5.00.

This lengthy and complex novel is by the author of *Bhowani Junction*, also set in India and recently a popular film, but we shall not hold that against it.

There are three main strands to the plot aside from the development of the chief character, or rather revolving about him. One is the story of the various attempts by a group of English gentlemen mountaineers of the stiff upper lip school to scale a very high and difficult peak in the Himalaya in the years immediately before and after the first great war. They are men of action in action and the effect of physical struggle on character is extremely well shown. The "mystique" of mountain climbing is also touched upon, a phenomenon all readers of mountain literature will recognize. Extreme effort at high altitude has definite psychosomatic effects as has prolonged flying at great heights.

The mountaineers are led by one Peter Savage, a ruthless character and an example of strong-man leadership carried to extreme on the mountains, as a career man in the Indian Civil Service and in his relationships with his wife and friends. This power drive in male form is well realized so we are disappointed when an unconvincing form of nemesis is dragged in to persuade us that amoral will power cannot prevail.

Much of the novel is an exploration of the relationships between Peter, his wife Emily and his gentle friend Gerry, Lord Wilcot. In this area Mr. Masters is no D. H. Lawrence. In the latter third of the novel the melodrama is compounded overmuch, with the world war of 1914 and a subsequent disaster in India casting shades of Hollywood over what is a powerful character study through most of the book. This is a pity for Mr. Masters has carried us to great heights on his mountains. On page 449 he tells us what he thinks of Freud et al. "Viennese doctors with black beards and blacker notions about their mothers". Could this view explain perhaps why we are so let down by his men and women?

Hilda Kirkwood.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

BOLSHEVISM IN TURKESSTAN 1917-1927: Alexander G. Park; Oxford (Studies of the Russian Institute, Columbia University); pp. 428; \$7.75.

On Nov. 15, 1917, Lenin and Stalin promised to the nationalities of Russia equality and self-determination including the right to secede. Reiterated in propaganda and in the Soviet constitution of 1936, this communist "nationalities doctrine" won over numbers of non-Russians in the civil war and has not ceased to influence minds in Asia and Africa.

The Russian empire, however, is a continuous land mass with expanding frontiers of settlement. Between its oriental

peoples, most of whom except the Georgians and Armenians speak some form of Turkish and profess Islam, and the Russian people there is less of a gulf than between Indians or Africans and Western Europeans. The Tatars of the Volga and Bashkirs of the Urals have since 1552-4 formed islands in a Russian sea, and Russian agricultural settlement began in the 18th century to penetrate the Kirghiz (Kazakh) steppe. In Azarbaijan and Turkistan, already by 1914 Baku, Tashkent and some other cities had become largely Russian.

Mr. Park devotes only 9 pages to the background and 49 pages to the nationalist movements and revolts of the civil war period; he is perhaps justified, because these events have been well documented, especially by Joseph Castagné, a French savant who was at Tashkent much of the time. Though Mr. Park refers to the writings of Castagné and to those of Mustafa Chokai (ev), head of a short-lived nationalist régime in the Ferghana valley, who escaped to Paris, he does not mention the work of Zeki Velidi Togan (Velidov), founder of the Bashkir Soviet République, who later joined the Basmachi rebels in Turkistan and finally became a professor at Istanbul; this important book in Western Turkish has not been translated but has inspired Sir Olaf Caroe's sketch *Soviet Empire; the Turks of Central Asia and Stalinism* (London 1953).

Mr. Park's remaining pages describe the consolidation of Soviet power during the period of the New Economic Policy and Stalin's struggle for supremacy. To quench the embers of "Basmachism" and revive cotton exports to Russia, the Bolsheviks at first made far-reaching tactical concessions to the feelings of the people, but by 1927 these had been withdrawn or nullified: the Muslim law courts, schools and endowments had been abolished, "class war" had been introduced and the region had been subjected to a "national delimitation". Though the nationalities were to enjoy "equality and self-determination", there was also to be a revolution, carried out by a dictatorship of the "proletariat" (i.e. of communist-led industrial workers); and there was no "proletariat" among the Central Asian Turks, who were either "feudal" or beginning to be "bourgeois", the region's few industrial (mainly railroad) workers being nearly all Russians. Such agrarian discontent as existed was not aimed (as in Russia) against native landowners or chiefs, but either arose from land-hunger following the breakdown of irrigation in the civil war or was directed against Russian colonists. "Class war" thus meant the destruction by Russians of the natural leaders of the people. A native "proletariat" was eventually to be created through industrialization, and for this purpose the "guidance" of the Russian "proletariat" would be necessary. Just as the peasants were to be (junior) partners in an "alliance" with their "brothers" the industrial workers, so were the nationalities to be (junior) partners in an "alliance" with their Russian "elder brother."

Mr. Park tells the story almost entirely from Russian sources. He lets the Soviet documents speak for themselves. Even when summarizing in his own words, he uses the communist terminology. This makes heavy going for the general reader, who will be happier with Walter Kolarz's *Russia and her Colonies* (London 1952), a work which, though excellent on Caucasia and European Russia, is weak on Central Asia.

Mr. Park might have set out the background and implications of the "national delimitation" more fully. The "bourgeois nationalists" had hoped to develop Uzbek, the only Central Asian language apart from Persian hitherto much written; a few had favored the aspiration of the Crimean Tatar reformer Ismail Gasprinski (1851-1914) to create a

single written language for all the Turks of the Russian empire, and some of Gasprinski's followers had advocated a Latin instead of Arabic script. The Russian communists were dead against such "Pan-Turk" ideas. By detaching Tajikistan from the Uzbek territories and elevating Tajik (a local Persian dialect) into a written language, by making Tashkent instead of an Uzbek city such as Bokhara the capital and by partitioning traditionally Uzbek Ferghana between three republics on the basis of village dialects, they set up an Uzbek SSR devoid of geographical or economic coherence. A more insidious policy was pursued towards the Kazakhs (who in Tsarist times were called Kirghiz, while the people of the present Kirghizistan were called Kara Kirghiz; Mr. Park's use of these terms is not always clear). A Kazakh republic was formed by combining the Kazakh steppe with the lower Syr Darya lands of the old Turkistan province and with a large mainly Russian section of southern Siberia (including the city of Petropavlovsk on the Trans-Siberian railway), while Kirghizistan and Kara Kalpakistan were detached as separate republics. Kazakhstan was thus one third Russian from the outset. Each republic had to use its own new latinized language, in which was dispensed an education "socialist in content, national in form"; and in the absence of a native lingua franca, the Central Asian peoples had to communicate with each other and pursue higher studies and economic activities through the sole medium of Russian.

Mr. Park's work should be followed by a volume covering the period of collectivisation, the Five Year Plans and the second world war to the death of Stalin. For more recent times the Central Asian Review (London 1953) supplies a quarterly summary. Most of the native communists who figure in Mr. Park's pages were "liquidated" in the purges of the 1930s; the Latin scripts were replaced by Cyrillic in the "second alphabetic revolution" of 1938-9; 160,000 Soviet Muslim deserters fought in the German armies; industrialisation has gone ahead, and in Kazakhstan mining and oil developments (at Karaganda, Guryev etc.) following a Kazakh exodus to China to escape collectivisation brought the Russian proportion to over half even before Khrushchev launched the scheme to colonise the "virgin" Kazakh steppe. Practical necessities have now forced the Khrushchev régime to initiate economic decentralisation; can this succeed without political and cultural decentralisation, and what will be the effects in Turkistan?

F. R. C. Bagley.

THE TRIAL OF MARSHAL NEY: Harold Kurtz; Hamish Hamilton; pp. 336; \$5.00.

The author begins this very interesting and well-written account of the trial of Marshal Ney by equating that event in historical importance with the trials of St. Joan of Arc and of Dreyfus. Unfortunately the attempt to present this *cause célèbre* as involving lofty principles, and as constituting a flagrant denial of justice, fails to convince. Ney's personality emerges as a weak one, historically speaking. His readiness to serve indiscriminately Republic and Consulate, Empire and Restoration smacks of servility and opportunism. His failure to protest the political outrages of successive régimes casts doubt upon the quality of his patriotism. The undeniable fact of his defection from his sworn pledge of loyalty to Louis XVIII even disqualifies him for the rôle of faithful soldier, as it also does for any real comparison with Joan of Arc and Dreyfus, both conspicuously guiltless. Ney's defence at his trial was lamentably weak; he did not even allege the necessity of sparing French lives as an excuse for his defection, merely stated that he had erred and did not know why. It amounted to a plea of guilty with extenuating circumstances: given the existing laws and their recognized interpretation, it is difficult to see how any court of justice

could have rendered a different verdict. The defendant was tried, not by twelve of his peers, but by one hundred and sixty-one, and was convicted by an overwhelming majority—surely as “democratic” a procedure as could be wished for. The argument that Article XII of the Convention of Saint Cloud should have afforded immunity could scarcely have had legal validity at the time of the trial, in view of the precedent of La Bédoyère and the failure of the incriminated persons to protest the *Ordonnance* of July 24th: the argument was then, and still remains today, pure opinion. In his preface, Mr. Kurtz refers to certain secret clauses of the Second Treaty of Paris: it is to be regretted that he does not give more precise details in his account of the trial. It is hard to see how the matter could have remained secret if the 161 Peers who tried Ney were acting in obedience to government command. That the Peers had minds of their own is borne out by Mr. Kurtz's reference (p. 276) to “the resistance which the Peers had shown to the Government's express wishes to achieve haste at the expense of legal custom.” The author asserts that Ney suffered a “grievous wrong”, which he defines as “the sacrifice of a man . . . at the hands of prejudice believing itself to be justice.” But it would seem, on the evidence presented, that the chief prejudice in the minds of the 161 men who tried Marshal Ney was a prejudice in favor of objective legality.

Perhaps the most pertinent comment on the verdict and its execution is that contained in the letter written years afterward by the Duke of Wellington and published for the first time on p. 314 of the present study: “As a Christian Louis XVIII ought to have pardoned the offence! But a Sovereign is bound to take care that treasonable offences are not repeated” — an excellent summing-up of the dilemma of responsible political authority generally.

Mr. Kurtz quotes a French medieval verse satire directed against an unsatisfactory administration of justice at a particular period of time, thereby again implying that Ney was the victim of a particular abuse of justice. He would perhaps have been on safer ground had he quoted instead one of Pascal's statements on the inadequacy of human justice in general.

The effect of the author's desire to present his hero in a favorable light is to give a somewhat “partisan” coloring to his study. This, however, does not detract from the effectiveness of the work as a story and as recorded history. Highly recommended reading for “layman” and “specialist” alike.

W. T. E. Kennett.

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CANADA IN WORLD AFFAIRS: 1949 TO 1950: W. E. C. Harrison; Oxford, pp. 374; \$4.00.

This sixth volume of the biennial survey of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs covers a period which Mr. Harrison justly calls “as full and anxious as any since 1945.” By 1949 the high hopes for international co-operation which had marked the adoption of the UN Charter at San Francisco had faded. Somewhat reluctantly Canada became involved in the cold war in both Europe and Asia, supporting NATO and the Colombo Plan as practicable alternatives to the broader scheme of collective security which had been made unworkable by Soviet intransigence in the UN. Then the outbreak of the Korean War tested the power of the world organization to prevent a local conflict from developing into a third World War. It also subjected the western alliance to stresses and strains whose after-effects are still being felt.

Giving almost equal space to questions of European and Asian policy, Mr. Harrison traces Canada's role in the international developments of these two significant years largely through official records. Though he has condensed and paraphrased skillfully, warmed-over *Hansard* and white papers might well have been supplemented by greater use of the press for illustration of public rather than official opinion. There is relatively little analysis and interpretation. Mr. Keirstead's survey of the period 1951 to 1953 in the same series, which appeared earlier though it follows this volume in chronological order, provided a perspective which is lacking here. But despite these short-comings this book is a useful chronicle of an important period in Canada's post-war history.

Mason Wade.

THE PRICE OF POWER: AMERICA SINCE 1945:
Herbert Agar; University of Toronto Press; pp. xi,
200; \$3.50.

Mr. Agar's latest book appears in “The Chicago History of American Civilization” series, of which some half a dozen volumes have so far appeared. They are short books, some chronological, and some topical in treatment, aimed at the college student and the general reader. It promises to be a worthwhile series.

Any short popularly written sketch on a large subject tends to become a personal essay, and all the more so, when the author is an independent man of letters and journalist, writing about very recent events. From the vantage point of England, where he has lived for most of the last fifteen years, Mr. Agar has anxiously watched the response of his native country to the perils and promises of the first years of the Atomic and Hydrogen Age. He hoped earnestly that the people of his homeland would act with wisdom and generosity in their new position of power. On the whole, he is proud of them. They did not start out very well in 1945-46, when they showed a dangerous naïveté in international affairs, and they came through the McCarthy epidemic with low marks. But they did begin to show signs of learning the price of power: the need to build and maintain the good society at home, and to stand for freedom abroad, without trying to force American ideas on other people.

All this is said urbanely and in good temper, with only an occasional trace of the hectoring tone which comes from European residence, and without trying to go very far below the surface. It is, of course, an interim report; as H. S. Commager has said elsewhere, Americans have not yet begun to pay the price of power. Moreover, Mr. Agar does not attempt to throw light on the intractable economic facts which make America's world position so very different from that of Great Britain in the nineteenth century. He has little interest in and less patience with the internal pressures which produce so much jostling in this vast pluralistic society. He makes no serious attempt to understand the views

of those who did not follow the Vandenberg or Acheson line in foreign policy. But he has given us an entertaining and readable account of some of the highlights of the American reaction to the decade after Yalta and Hiroshima, written from a strongly expressed "internationalist" point of view.

G. M. Craig.

PROBLEMS OF HUMAN PLEASURE AND BEHAVIOUR: Michael Balint; (The International Psycho-Analytical Library, edited by Ernest Jones. The Hogarth Press and the Institute of Psycho-Analysis); pp. 300; \$5.25.

Dr. Balint writes from Cincinnati, Ohio, but his background is Hungarian. Two of the papers, (the book is a compilation of articles printed or read elsewhere) are personal tributes to Sandor Ferenczi and to Geza Roheim, both Hungarian analysts, the former, Freud's best loved disciple, the latter, though primarily an anthropologist, an analysand of Ferenczi. Dr. Balint's analytical connections are clear; they are fairly orthodox Freudian, and they reflect the stormy and productive early and middle years of the psycho-analytic movement. However, they are not esoteric, and they are anything but fanatical. They represent the considered opinion of a wise man, on subjects both technical within the profession, and general for the human family.

The variety of audience to whom these papers have been addressed is significant. As well as the professional psycho-analytic societies and journals, the Medical Section of the British Psychological Society heard, as the chairman's address of 1955, the first paper, "Sex and Society." The *British Journal of Medical Psychology* as early as 1943 printed an account of a patient suffering from hallucinations; the *Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism*, and *The New Era* have also furnished papers for reprint.

Of special interest to the layman are the papers on the problem of growing old, an analytic approach to punishment, the relation of doctor and patient in an illness, discipline and its place in education and adult life, and "Object-Representation in Modern Art" (or the future of abstract painting). This surprising contribution to aesthetic theory gives the most cogent account of the artist's motives that I have yet read.

Dr. Balint's description of the psychological factors involved in the punishment of criminals make an original and stimulating contribution to a subject of very great importance. The trial and sentence of criminals, he suggests, presents a "very complicated public drama, in which everybody is supposed to play a part corresponding to his psychological involvement, ensures that all three principal actors go through experiences which resolve their tensions, alleviate their anxieties, guilt feelings and anger." He concludes:

"If we wish to arrive at a scientific theory of punishment, if we wish to devise methods which can re-educate offenders more reliably than the present ones, we must know more about . . . the offender who apparently became arrested in his development, about the ways in which he can acquire a social super-ego and learn a wholesome discipline. As long as these processes remain largely unknown, no recommendation can claim to be more than wishful thinking."

The chapter on discipline within a changing educational system relegates the conflict between the "progressives" and the "traditionalists" to an episode in the history of educational theory well past its pertinence. Discipline in any society is inevitable, discipline is always artificially imposed, but discipline may result in the building up of "a rigid unbending super-ego" or of "a strong, critically minded ego."

"Super-ego education results in an inelastic, but under normal conditions stable, communal life which is easily

directed; it requires only little individual responsibility, but considerably restricts the possible ways to individual happiness. Ego education, on the other hand, leads to a varied elastic but critical community life which is not so easily dirigible; the choice of individual pleasures is more extensive but must be paid for by much greater individual responsibility.

"We may choose, but whatever our choice we must bear in mind that we cannot have something for nothing. A price must be paid by all those who take part in education; by the community, by the teacher, and above all by the children."

Perhaps those already convinced of the paramount importance of an education that emphasizes freedom for pleasure and personally creative work will find the chapter and the book as a whole congenial. For them it enlarges the boundaries of human possibilities, at the same time making clearer the painful limits of individual development within the stern pressures of any society.

Jessie Macpherson.

MANITOBA, A HISTORY: W. L. Morton; University of Toronto Press; pp. 519; \$5.95.

Histories of Canada, particularly as they deal with the post-Confederation period, still lack realism and depth because of inadequate correlations between national events and the forces issuing from provincial and regional interests, prejudices and aspirations. In this connection, Professor Morton, who is chairman of the department of history at the University of Manitoba, has made an important contribution to Canadian historiography with his thorough, thoughtful analysis of the development of the "keystone province." Events and developments in Manitoba have had, periodically, much more than local significance: Lord Selkirk's contest with the North-West Company, the Red River disturbances of 1869-70, the Manitoba school controversy of the 1890's, the rise of the wheat economy, the Winnipeg strike of 1919, the journalism of J. W. Dafoe, the long sustained pressure for revised dominion-provincial fiscal agreements—all these have made "keystone" much more than a term of geographic configuration. In dealing with these and other events in their organic relationship with the Manitoba environment, Professor Morton provides a much needed clarification of their essential nature and significance. In this respect he has written a book which is of value to all Canadians.

For the people of Manitoba, on the other hand, the book provides an account of local developments from the fur trade era to the present day which is consistently related to external forces which have influenced provincial history. Provincial histories have often been criticized by scholars, and frequently justly, as inspired by parochial and anti-quarian interests. This charge cannot be made against Professor Morton's book. While the author, a native son, obviously feels a deep pride in the achievements of the generations of men and women whose lot has been cast in this province, they are to him essentially Canadians, not Manitobans. Moreover, they are human beings with defects as well as dignity, and some of the author's acute and astringent observations will perhaps arouse indignation, and, it is to be hoped, a realistic self appraisal, in certain quarters in the province. These observations, in some instances, are equally applicable to other parts of the country: it is not only in Manitoba that civic politics and private business are "dominated by adherence to routine and precedent, and conducted in an aura of genial babbity."

It is to be hoped that studies of other provinces, similar in organization and content, will appear in due course. This would permit comparison of certain institutions and events

which, in the present state of provincial studies, are now seen in isolation. Professor Morton has related his story of Manitoba to national and international events, but the degree to which Manitoba led or followed neighboring provinces in political or economic progress during the past half century is not so apparent. This book, however, if followed by others, will facilitate those analyses which are necessary for a more mature historical scholarship in Canada.

Lewis H. Thomas.

AN INTERESTING CAMPAIGN

(Continued from front page)

arm-chair—fire-place setting, and to bring on a variety of people, almost all of whom would be publicly unknown.

Remembering David Riesman's analysis that this is the age of the inside-dopester, program material was underplayed, clichés and platitudes were forsaken, and a candid approach was stressed. Our campaign group thought that the contest could not be won solely by positive socialism. With the biggest man in politics to criticize, one large objective was apparent. Another was to have Mr. Howe or his backers indicate by their reactions that the CCF, not the Conservative, was the natural rival. The Tories abetted this by joining the Liberals in referring to me too often as a nice, sincere young man, but very misguided, and by ignoring Mr. Howe and shouting Diefenbaker.

Another of our aims was to anticipate on TV all the criticisms that both opponents could make of the CCF and me. For example, the Labour-Progressives publicly supported me. Almost at once we hit back with Stanley Knowles' statement of CCF principles taken from the *United Church Observer*. On the next TV show I reviewed the position of Communism in Canada, documented their once-given support to the Liberals, and emphasized that the Liberals would be smearing with a Red brush in the days to come. If it became particularly zealous I said this would be a sign of panic.

Perhaps the key anticipation was my initial announcement that Mr. Howe would soon be with us to announce his election-year boat contract for Port Arthur Shipyards. He was and did. Later the Shipyards were to figure in the pivotal argument of the last week. The Steelworkers' local at the plant had voted to pay for one of my telecasts after I had spoken to a meeting. Mr. Howe happened into town on the 29th of May and saw the telecast and the introduction of three union leaders. Next day he made two announcements. First, he was going to stay in the riding until the election. Second, he was grieved at the ungratefulness of the men after all the contracts he had won for the shipyards. To the first, we raised two suggestions: either C. D. Howe was worried about Port Arthur or the Liberals were worried about his effect in the rest of Canada. We noted that Mr. Howe's newspaper advertising ((full-page ads) stressed the millions in wages, the fleets of vessels that had come to the shipyards since the political advent of the minister.

A few days later what appeared to be a planted news story by an anonymous reporter stated that the shipyards were seething with discontent over the union action, the men were expressing vigorous loyalty to the great leader, and decrying the telecast item as the machinations of a sneaky clique. The management, it stated, agreed there was strong dissatisfaction with the Steelworker leaders. In fact, there was very little discontent until this. Then it swung against Mr. Howe. The union brought the newspaper to the printing of a strong statement refuting the story and I spent a telecast outlining the Port Arthur Shipyards story.

Mr. Howe had had a close relationship with the late Sir James Dunn, the controller of Canada Steamship lines; he was an intimate of Senator Paterson, another lake-shipping tycoon. The Dunn estate, so close to Mr. Howe, was linked with almost all the shipyards on the St. Lawrence Waterways. Figures in the reports of the Canadian Maritime Commission showed that of all the yards under this control, Port Arthur's had gained the fewest ship-building contracts. Further, the sister plant at Midland had had many more (including some Paterson boats). Midland's M.P. was unknown to anyone in Port Arthur. You can imagine how the argument went from there. We heard no more from the Liberals about the Shipyards.

Other TV programs had covered the Trans-Canada pipeline case, the CCF's role as the real opposition, the sad plight of the aged, and a reading of the merry meeting at Morris, Manitoba, as reported in the pages of Mr. Howe's dangerous friend, the *Winnipeg Free Press*. While this was stock material the format was varied with maps, blackboard outlines, and posters. One very popular highlight was a chat with a charming pioneer of a well-known family about life on 46 dollars a month. The lady was mild, articulate, and many watchers knew she was Liberal in background.

Meanwhile the CCF campaign group had been busy with leaflet distribution, house meetings in the city, and the plotting of radio spots and newspaper ads. We wrote, designed, and had printed all our literature, focussing it on Mr. Howe and myself. We felt that the party literature from the National Office was too general for this riding. About 40,000 copies of three pamphlets were mailed to the region outside the city. Members delivered about 25,000 pieces in the city and this was followed up with cards in the last days giving each voter the location of his poll. For the last two weeks some dozen women organized and ran the committee room activities, arranging drivers, rides, sub-committee posts, scrutineers, etc. The boon of such work is gleaned from a comparison of campaign costs. Mr. Howe spent a total, according to his agent, of \$11,606, with \$3,000 going for paid help. The Conservatives spent \$6,001 with some \$2,400 for paid help. Our total budget was \$4,900, none of it for workers.

My work prevented me from all but week-end campaigning in the district. Since population clusters at Winisk, Armstrong, Nakina, Hornepayne, and White River were from 200 to 600 miles from Port Arthur I could only make a token show. The last week was reserved for some travelling but a chronic disc ailment put me on the floor from where I heard that Mr. Howe was stumping the forests and the fields in person. Crutches and a wheel-chair got me to the TV station. The powerful local of the Lumber and Sawmill Workers Union provided transport to many of the bush camps where I spoke to their members. In the past only a handful of such men had voted, usually for the Conservatives. Their total voting strength was over 3,000, so the post-4 p.m. dashes to the camps were worthwhile. The reception was good but on election day only a minority (albeit larger than before) voted. Though the CCF vote was highest in all but two of those polls visited, the main efficacy of this phase lay not in votes but in the whispering campaign.

Rumors began to fly that Fisher was sewing up the bush. Thus came respect from those inclined to dismiss us summarily. Mr. Howe helped. He convinced the TV management that the sign-off on June 7 should be delayed a half-hour so that he could follow my half-hour. On this telecast he forthrightly used the Labour-Progressives. "Would you want a young fellow down at Ottawa who was under Communist influence?" Then he spoke his democratic concern

over stories abroad that union organizers were strong-arming the bush-men to vote CCF or else . . . Mr. Howe wanted to give his personal assurance to the men of the camps that he would stop this in a hurry if they would get in touch with him. Aside from its crassness, this ploy had several ironies. First, the picture of a pulp-cutter supplicating Mr. Howe; second, the reputed strong-arming took place in a region under an organizer who was less than lukewarm to me and the CCF.

Another aspect of the campaign that was not open but important was the eruption after long dormancy of many stories about the noted personal frugality of Mr. Howe. Many must have been apocryphal; most were humorous in view of the protagonist's fortune; and, fortunately, most were spread by old-timers of the city who were not CCFers. Such echoing anecdotes bring the mighty down very close to the voter. Mr. Howe furthered this by appearing often on the parlor screens in the last days, usually with the plaint of his sour distaste for the medium. Another step appeared to be related to the fact that there are many Catholics in Port Arthur. Traditionally they vote Liberal; or so everyone says. Mr. Howe appeared to believe this for on his final show he shared the screen with three others, all well-known Catholics. A corollary perhaps was that the CCF vote was strongest in the Catholic areas.

Another bit of fortune was the television work of the three candidates in Fort William, and of the Conservatives in Port Arthur. (We all had the one channel.) All were rather stiff, read their scripts, sat at desks, and used the stock gambits. The Liberals chose some dandy second-line performers to support Mr. Howe and Fort William's Rev. Dan McIvor. One vitriolic fellow compared me with a yapping Pomeranian snapping at the giant bulldog, Mr. Howe. Everyone with a TV set was aware of the disproportion in physical size between Mr. Howe and me. The metaphor quickly became joke material.

The loveliest incident of the campaign was our discovery that a letter from the Howe forces to a man in an outlying town carried the injunction to "spread this around amongst the boys." Unknown to the commonalty and the Liberals, the recipient was a member of the CCF. Another delight was word that the Liberal organizer in a small town was entertaining himself throughout the fight on the funds he had received. This man played fair, however, for on June 11 he phoned my home "collect" and spent long, bibulous minutes congratulating my wife on her husband.

In sum, it was an interesting campaign, not least because of the various hindsight variations in appraisal. Enough pundits of the press have stated that Mr. Howe was an engineer, a doer, and executiver, not a politician. Perhaps I won't be accused of unfairness then, if I comment that it would be nice to face Mr. Howe again. But with the election so close behind, with the election so near ahead, we are probably over-conscious of the politician as one who wins votes.

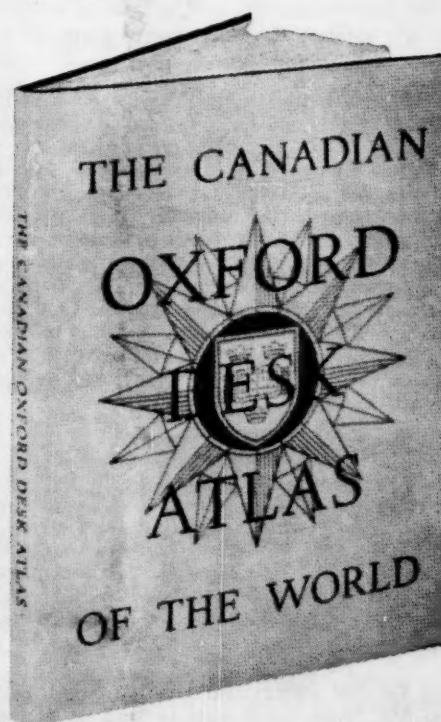
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